DECEMBER 1987

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $5.95 (inc. GST)
$4.50*

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
Ken Done

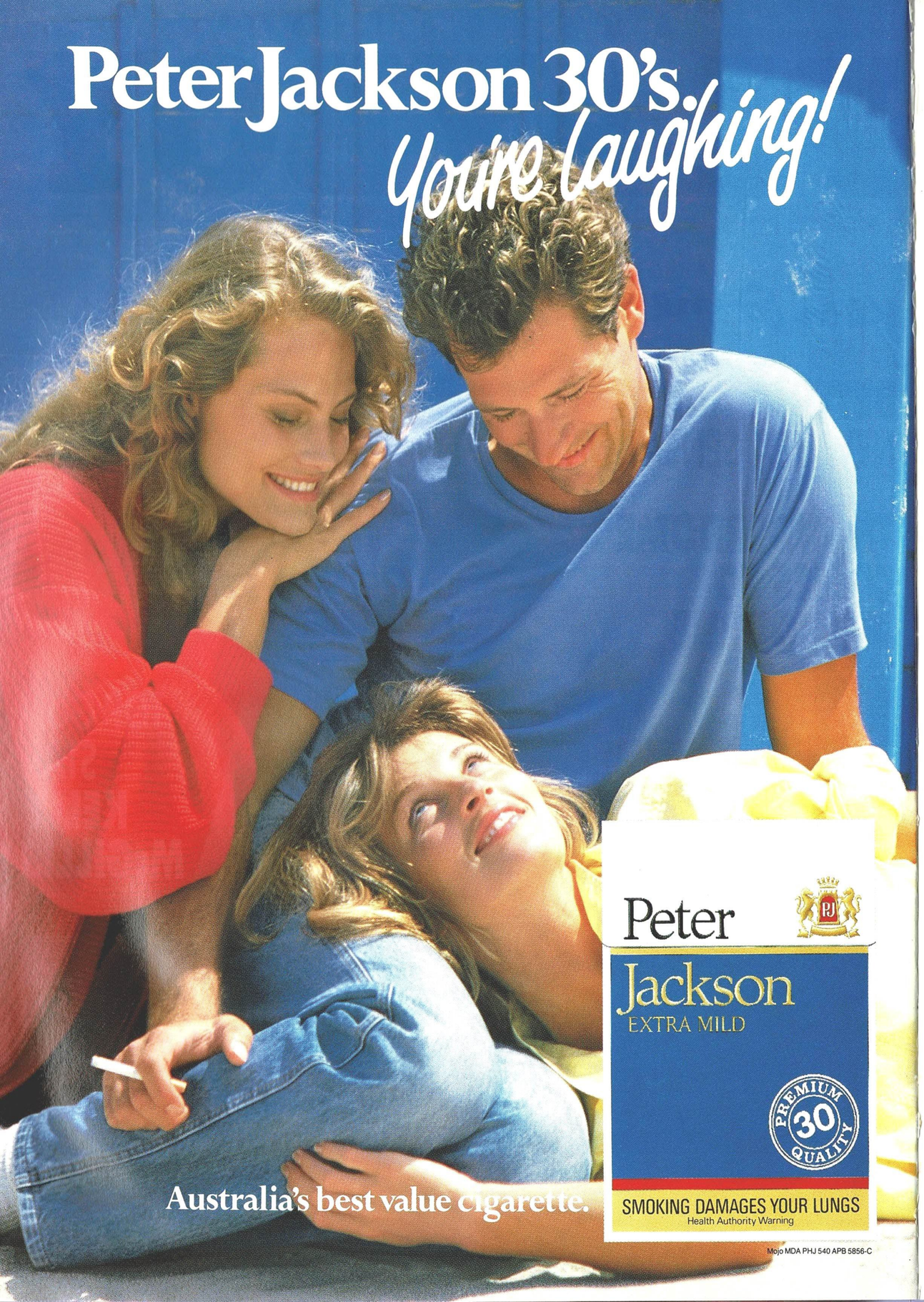
BETTINA ARNDT
NEW SEX SENSATIONS

THUNDERDOME COMES TO MELBOURNE

BRISBANE BRIDE STRIPPED BARE

TOP GUN STAR KELLY McGILLIS

HOLY SCANDAL
JESSICA HAHN EXPOSES TV'S BIBLE BASHERS



PLAYBILL

The festive season has rolled around yet again and we have an especially cheery issue of *Australian Playboy* to get you firmly into a let's party Christmas mood. Our first surprise packet is a fun-filled Playboy Interview with Australia's most prolific artist Ken Done. Contributing editor **Rennie Ellis** spoke to Done in his airy, color-washed harborside cabin-cum-studio about our unique Aussie beach culture and how he's sold his simple, lyrical images of Australia to the world.

On the eve of the Bicentennial, we have a super short story from **Ross McCauley** titled *Made In Australia*. Gino Pisani is the central figure, he loves Australia with a passion, and his idea of celebrating the Bicentennial is to have all his gambling clubs and brothels painted green and gold. This patriotic piece of fiction was illustrated by **Nigel Buchanan.**

Continuing the Aussie theme, we throw a few shrimps on the barbie for you in *The Great Australian Barbecue*, illustrated by **Geoff Kelly**, and motoring editor **Rob Luck** tells us how automotive roller-ball has arrived at Melbourne's Calder Park Raceway in his *Roll On Thunderdome!* feature.

Then there's a bevy of the sort of girls any red-blooded guy would love to stuff in his Christmas stocking. First there's Brisbane's adorable Melanie Martin in a scintillating pictorial shot by **Daniel Nolan.** Our delightful Miss December is Susanne Koyen, who tells us her favorite position is, er, in front of the camera. And then we have fabulous Pam Stein whose hobby is entering beauty pageants, which must be a real pain for other contestants as Pam has an annoying habit of always taking out the honors. One look at her pictorial, shot by **Stephen Wayda**, will show you why.

Our other pictorial this month is important for rather different reasons. It features Jessica Hahn, the woman at the centre of the past year's stormy religious upheaval that dethroned American TV evangelist Jim Bakker. Bakker is typical of that all-too-familiar preacher who rages at immorality and sexual licence from the pulpit. Bakker, however, has been accused of both and, specifically, of involving a naive and trusting young church secretary named Jessica Hahn. Our pictorial, *Jessica, On Her Own Terms,* is a very positive testament to her new-found self-esteem.

As the 1988 Olympics in Seoul draw closer, we sent **Robert Kearney** to investigate what's really going on in Korea today. It's a country that's attracted widespread media attention due to its civil unrest but there's another story going on behind the headlines: the emergence of Korea as an economic world power. Dip into Kearney's *Korea, Inc.* illustrated by **David Wilcox**.

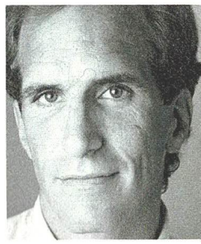
What to buy your lady for Christmas can be a real pain in the pocket as well as the posterior. That's why we asked associate editor **Susan Kurosawa** to come up with a swag of affordable ideas in *Presents To Please Her,* with art by **Frants Kantor.**

In our popular columns this month, **Asa Baber** addresses **Cynthia Heimel**, our regular Women page writer, while Cynthia yearns for the good ol' 1960s. **Graham Barry**'s Showbiz review tells what's hot, what's not, and what's just plain luke-warm on the entertainment scene. In fact, entertainment is the best word of all to sum up December *Australian Playboy.* Happy Christmas everyone, and we'll be back in time for that big 200th birthday bash.

Richard Beckett, contributing editor and Booze columnist, passed away just before this issue was ready for the printers. Beckett was one of our most respected and valued contributors and will be remembered for his rollicking sense of humor and gutsy approach to life. To us he seemed invincible. We will miss him very much.

KELLY

McCAULEY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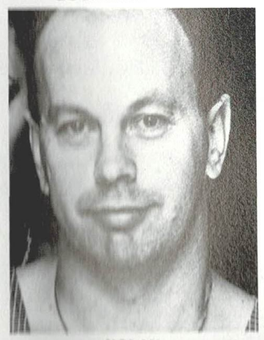
BUCHANAN

LUCK

ELLIS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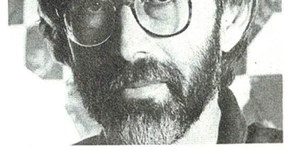
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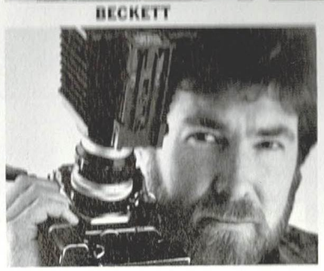
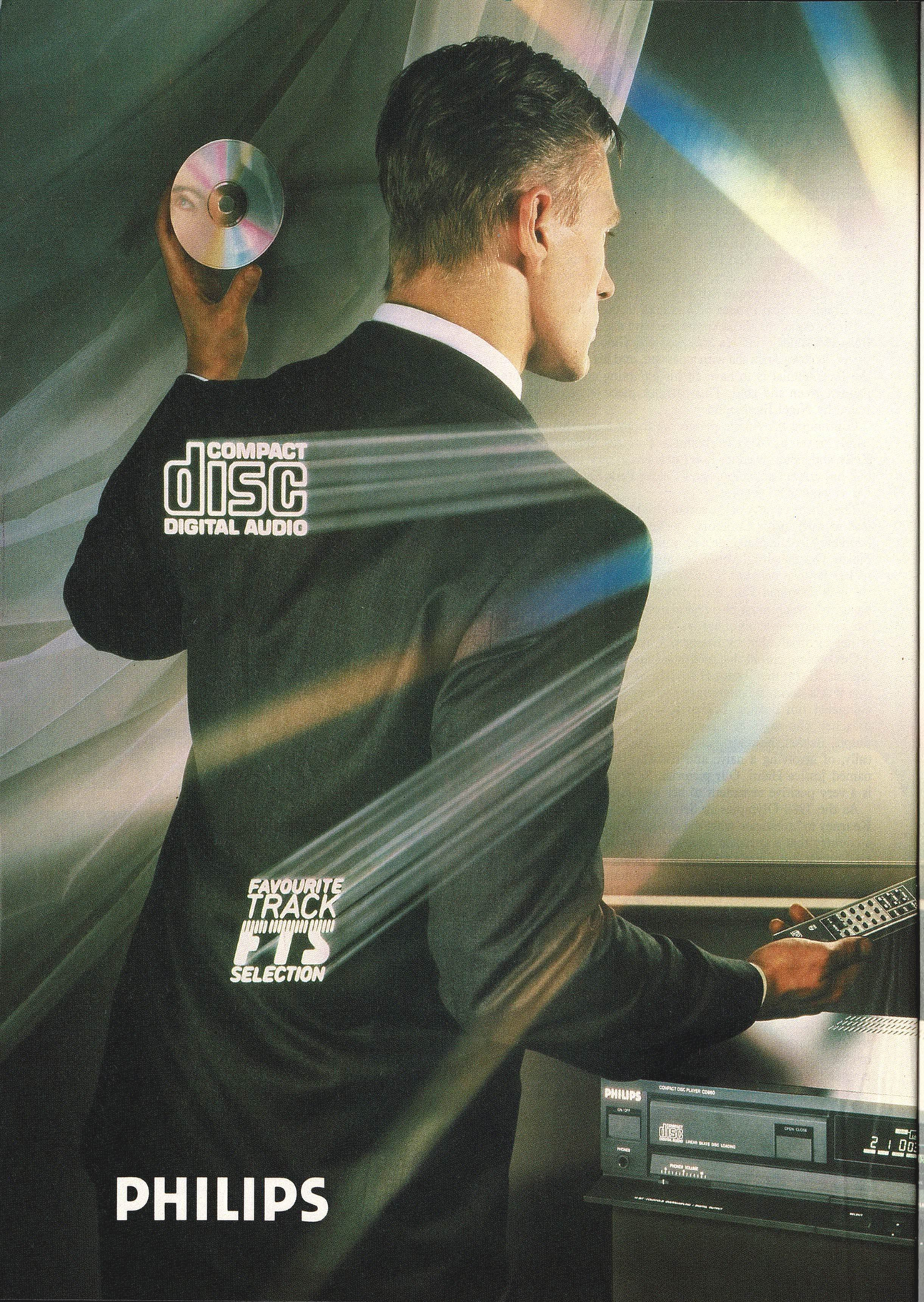
KUROSAWA


WAYDA

BABER



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TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.

Ogilvy MIA 0009

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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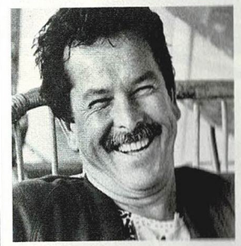
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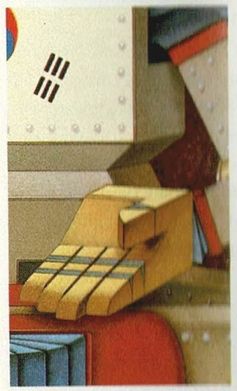
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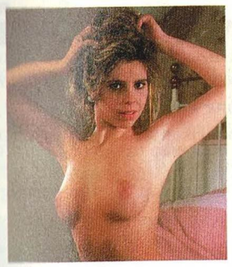
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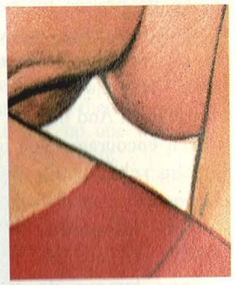
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SEX
Bettina Arndt answers your intimate queries and reveals the latest happenings in the wide world of sex.

The raw excitement of Alfa Romeo is now available in a civilised saloon.

It seems almost a contradiction in terms. But as Sydney Morning Herald motoring journalist David Robertson so succinctly puts it, "The Alfa 75 is the sports car for the family man, and it just goes to prove that you can have your cake and drive it."

At the heart of the new Alfa 75 is the race-proven 2.5 litre fuel injected V6 engine which has had the critics singing its praises for years. As yet another motoring authority, Mark Fogarty of The Melbourne Herald writes, "It's a joy just to listen to its musical note. And being a free-revving spirit, it encourages you to play tunes on the close-ratio gearbox."

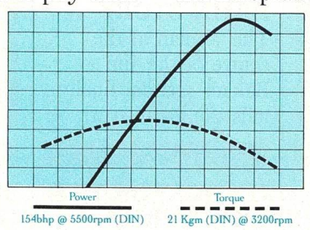
At the stern of the Alfa 75 V6 is Alfa Romeo's famous de Dion rear axle with Watts linkages. To which we've added double-acting shock absorbers all round, and variable rate torsion bars at the front.

Of course, excitement is only half the story with the Alfa 75 V6. Inside the cockpit you'll find a delicate balance between sport and elegance.

Great care has been taken to make the driving position adaptable to any kind of driver. The steering column, for instance, is adjustable not only for angle, but for length as well.

There's a leather-bound steering wheel, ten-function check control, AM/FM digital radio-cassette system with four speakers, front electric windows and central locking.

Outside, you will see twin rear vision mirrors, front fog lights, alloy wheels and European steel-belted radials.



If we have succeeded in overcoming any of your prejudices against what has been described as a certain basic rawness with Alfa Romeos, a greater surprise is yet to come.

Alfa Romeo has one of the highest resale values of any car. A remarkable 81% retained value.

A figure which we confidently expect to rise in the light of a rigorous new test program called PQC, which is short for Preventative Quality Control. PQC sets meticulous quality standards not only in every stage of construction, but pre-delivery as well.

Alfa 75 V6

And each car receives an anti-corrosion treatment that's so comprehensive, each car carries a six-year factory-backed anti-corrosion protection plan. Which is twice as long as any similar Japanese warranty.

It would seem, therefore, that Alfa Romeo has performed the impossible with the new Alfa 75 V6.

A sports car cunningly disguised as a quality saloon.

LHV/AR1282

DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

DARK DESIRES

Three stunning brunette Playmates in a row! I've always preferred sultry dark-haired women so it's been a real joy, guys, to pick up your August, September and October issues and see Desiree, Florence and Gina!

The only problem now is working out which one will get my vote for next year's Playmate Of The Year. How am I supposed to choose?

Craig F.,
Coolangatta, Qld.

Craig, you think you've got problems? How about all those guys out there who can't choose between brunettes and blondes and redheads? Check the January 1988 issue for details of how to vote — Ed.

DREAM ON WHEELS

Sandy Greenberg, the motorcycle fan who appeared in your July *The Real Thing* pictorial, is an absolute doll! And fancy having *five* BMW bikes . . . do the other four get jealous when she takes one out for a spin?

Please let Sandy know I'm available to ride in her sidecar any old time she likes!

K.J.,
Cromer, NSW.

Why should boring old Max Headroom have all the fun? I loved your Maxine Legroom pictorial way back in March but it was even more of a thrill to see the *real* Maxine, Sandy Greenberg, in your July issue.

If she ever needs company on one of her wild motorbike rides, she need look no further.

Peter O'L.,
Fairfield, Qld.

HEAVENLY VIRGO

Congratulations on finally presenting a Playmate who's a Virgo. I refer to your heavenly Miss July, Patricia Frans.

Astrologers claim Virgos are shy and retiring but Patricia certainly doesn't seem to fit that description.

I'd also like to thank you for the 20 Questions interview with Michael J. Fox. It was great to find out more about this actor.

Anthony Veale,
Strathpine, Qld.

Many men's magazines are far too explicit and coarse to the extent of being downright vulgar. *Australian Playboy*, however, has photos which are sexy, seductive, yet subtly presented, and ultimately far more stimulating.

In the July issue, for example, I was particularly taken by the beauty of Patricia Frans, whose eyes and smile could charm a charging, well, whatever! Your photographer captured her beauty perfectly. Does this lucky guy need a camera assistant?

Gavin Jones,
Blakehurst, NSW.

LEAVE IT TO THE IMAGINATION

I'd like to comment on the high standard of photography in *Australian Playboy*. It's much better to see a beautiful girl with something of her body left to the imagination than to view the crude poses in some other Australian men's magazines.

As a lad who grew up during the height of the mini-skirt era, it's always a turn-on to see the unexpected. A flash of knickers or even the good old stockings and suspenders is highly erotic.

Just one request: could we please see more of the models in everyday situations showing a little of what's not supposed to be seen?

Brian Wright,
North Lake, WA.

GINA'S HIS GIRL

My mother wants me to marry a rich lady lawyer but my father says that October Playmate Gina Williams will do just fine.

Can you arrange a pic on the Dear Playboy page?

Dennis H.,
Ashfield, NSW.

Done. Your dad's a man of impeccable taste, Dennis — Ed.

THREE CHEERS FOR ELLEN

I'd like to thank you for doing a story and pictorial on Ellen Stohl in your August issue. In her letter, she says that society's emphasis on perfection puts a definite damper on self-esteem.

I know first hand what Ellen's talking about and she's a very pretty, bright and gutsy person. Three cheers for Ellen and for your magazine. And thanks to Steve Wayda for his very tasteful photography.

Karen Blackely,
Chester Hill, NSW.

SHAMEFUL COUP

Thank God someone was finally willing to speak out on the Fijian coup, and full marks to you, *Australian Playboy*, for your willingness to keep the story alive (October 1987) despite our government's inevitable, but nevertheless shameful, recognition of the totally unlawful regime set up by a jumped-up military leader.

I have searched newspapers for months looking for an answer to the nagging question of why the soldiers involved in the coup should have worn what is essentially a disguise, as members of the illegal Irish Republican Army do. The evidence your reporters present makes it all fall into place.

Whenever people ask me if I believe in the death penalty, I always say no, but I'd make an exception for *any* military personnel who unseat a legitimately elected government. No questions asked.

Simon G.,
Monash, ACT.

BOO TO BON JOVI

No one can say you guys don't have impeccable timing! I can quite see why you chose to run a story on Bon Jovi, (October 1987), the current flavor of the minute among the more mindless teenagers, especially with a tour taking place and their records still hanging in there, but if you'd left it till next year no one would have remembered who they were.

They really are the pits, and the good thing about the article is that it demonstrates that they're as mindless as their fans, even if their musical ineptitude wasn't there for anyone with half an ear to hear.

Amanda D.,
Fremantle, WA.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

12 EROTICALLY SENSUAL PLAYMATES

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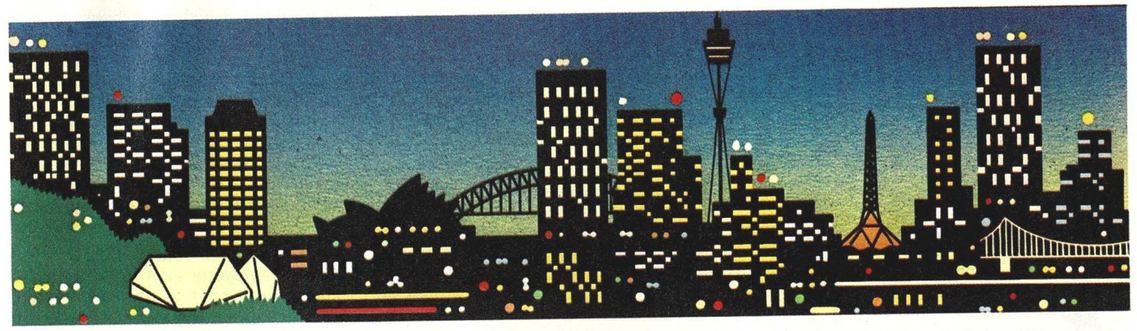
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



THE UMPIRE'S DECISION WAS FINAL

We read with alarm of the death of an 18-year-old cricketer, M. Nilam, as the result of a blow dealt him by the umpire with a cricket stump during a limited-over game at Mahagastota in the Nuwara Eliya district of Sri Lanka. It would appear that the deceased was dissatisfied with the umpire's decision and an altercation ensued, after which the alleged assault with a blunt instrument took place.

It would never happen at the Sydney Cricket Ground. Here it's the umpires who have to dodge the flying tinnies.

AND THAT'S A BOLIVIAN FACELIFT

We have to admit we have difficulty believing this one ourselves but it comes from no less an authority than the venerable British organ *Here And Now*. This estimable source reports that a 40-year-old Bolivian actress, Miss Jennita Zarto, visited a Dr Jaime Lurinda in order to have a facelift, only to wake up and find she'd been given a sex change.

"My agent, Georgio Fista, was furious when he heard about it," said Zarto, "but when he came to see me in the clinic he changed his mind and renamed me Johnny Zar on the spot.

"At first I felt suicidal. Who, after all, would choose to be a man? Then things began to look up, and I was given the part of a fisherman in a TV series."

Interviewed outside his clinic, Dr Lurinda said: "There is not a word of truth in the allegation that I work while on cocaine. When I saw Miss Zarto on the operating table, I thought: 'She should be a man!' and I set to work. I am good. I am quick. I am cheap. Everyone in the town of Chacha respects me."

Well, yes, but we think we might get our tonsils removed under Medicare.

LOCK UP YOUR JUMBO JETS

A sex-crazed male elephant killed two villagers in Thailand recently and attacked a military radio station, according to local police. It was later shot dead by police marksmen.

There is absolutely no truth in the rumor that Thai International Airways diverted its jumbos from the area until the danger had passed rather than subject them to the possibility of rape.

BUDGET DIAL-A-PORSCHE

Chairman of the North Melbourne Football Club Bob Ansett showed the nous that has got him to the top of the rent-a-car world when he left a Melbourne night footy match and discovered his Porsche had mysteriously disappeared. After making sure it had really been stolen, he borrowed a friend's car phone and, rather than phoning the police, rang his own car number.

Amazingly the call was answered, whereupon he informed the joyriders that provided they did no damage to his car, they could use it overnight and return it the next morning. And, sure enough, the following day there it was outside the Budget office.

SOMETHING NASTY IN THE WOODSHED

In Melbourne the Institute Of Law has launched a campaign to encourage people to make wills. Sydney solicitors, too, claim that wills are important because of changes in the law giving de facto wives the right to make claims on estates. Unless there is a will to spell things out clearly, there can be embarrassing searches for illegitimate children.

One solicitor recalls having to ask a 90-year-old woman if her husband had had a de facto wife. "She said she didn't think so but he did spend a lot of time in the garden shed."

ANIMAL LIB RUN RIOT

We always knew the Brits were a bit silly about their pets but this is going too far. Anyone caught fouling a dog in the London borough of Chelsea these days runs the risk of being penalised quite excessively.

But seriously, folks, as our intrepid photographer Lucinda Dennison points out (and the turd dropped so delicately under the warning demonstrates), our four-legged friends (even English ones) simply can't read.

PUT KETTLE ON, MOTHER

And from Middlesborough, England, comes news that proves there's still nothing like a nice cuppa. Pensioner Mrs Mary Pecover was gazing out of her kitchen window when she heard three loud bangs and a masked man leapt over the garden wall, followed by three policemen waving guns.

"Then the masked man fell and the policemen pinned him down," said the old lady. "Meantime a helicopter was hovering overhead. I went out into the garden and, as I did not know if the masked man was dead or alive, I said to them: 'Do you want three cups or four?' "

ADVANCED DRIVING — FRENCH STYLE

All those racists who say those crazy Frogs shouldn't be allowed on the roads may have a point. The French Minister Of Transport, after a vain attempt to launch an Operation Good Driving program, in which the police decided to give substantial cash prizes to the good and careful drivers they observed, was forced to pronounce it "an absolute failure". The motorway patrols could find no one to recommend. One driver was spotted, but he increased his speed to 80km/h and drove into the thickest traffic. They could find nobody who was wearing a seatbelt or keeping within the speed limit.

"Finally," said the minister, "the Orly group found a man who was within seconds of getting the prize when, for no reason at all, he went straight through three red lights and was given a heavy fine instead of a $100 prize."

They're mean bastards, as well!

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In any motor vehicle class there's a formula for success.
With sports cars the formula requires a manufacturer to produce a model that outperforms its competitors, looks distinctively different, yet retains the features and comfort of its contemporaries.
Such a car is destined to become a classic ...such a car is the Honda Integra SX16.
A car designed and engineered around the serious driver.

Born on the F1 Circuits.
As the only Japanese company to enter, and win, in the hi-tech world of Formula One, Honda took what they'd learned and designed a performance sports car. The specifications speak for themselves. 1.6 litre, four valves per cylinder. Programmed Fuel Injection (PGM-FI). Double overhead cams. All of which develops a very responsive 90 kW @ 6,500 rpm.
Transmission is a choice of a crisp, short throw 5-speed manual or a silky smooth, 4-speed automatic with lock-up torque converter.
Then there's power assisted rack and pinion steering. Anti-roll bars front and rear. Four-wheel power assisted disc brakes. A drag co-efficient of only 0.34.
All running on high performance 195/60-14 low profile Michelin tyres.

Don't be misled by the sleek appearance.
The Honda Integra will carry four adults in comfort. And while ignoring the gimmicks and add-ons of over-competitive manufacturers, Honda have built in the sensible features that the enthusiast driver needs.
There's an analog instrument layout designed for the business end of motoring.
There's a Pioneer sound system – AM/FM stereo cassette. And luxury trim levels.
The total package is a sports car developed for people who know how to drive.

How safe is a car manufactured by a company that races Formula One?
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TRAVEL

The best travel books should share a special combination of info, intimacy, fun and guts.

Back in the days when one really journeyed, packed one's steamer trunks and went abroad for the season, a stiffly bound Baedeker guidebook was as indispensable a travel accessory as smelling salts, a dinner jacket and a sturdy umbrella (no, not for the rain but to poke at the natives, silly).

In this decade of hectic travelling, few of us take the time to properly prepare ourselves for a trip. Oh, sure, we take anti-malaria tablets if we're off to the tropics, have a yellow fever jab for South America, pick up a few colorful brochures from a travel agent or national tourist office, and sometimes grab a phrasebook that will tell us how to book a wake-up call in Swahili. But what we should be doing is delving into as much objective literature about our chosen destination as we can get our hands on.

That word objective is crucial. Lavishly produced brochures put out by hotels and tour operators wax lyrical about tropical sunsets, swaying palms and marble-encrusted five-star hotels, but they merrily overlook such factors as the typhoon season, rogue taxi drivers, known rip-off joints, and how you must never forget to tip a skycap at Los Angeles airport unless you want your bags to end up anywhere else except at your next destination.

To my mind, you deserve what you get unless you've taken the trouble to do some serious groundwork. One of the very best places to start is with a Lonely Planet guidebook produced by Tony Wheeler's Melbourne-based publishing company. Wheeler kicked off in 1973 with *Across Asia On The Cheap* and there are now some 65 titles in the Lonely Planet range.

The average price for one of these paperbacks is $12.95 and for that modest outlay you get a fact-packed and fun read covering a swag of countries (Peru and Chile are latest on the list; Jordan, Syria, Egypt and Sudan are on their way).

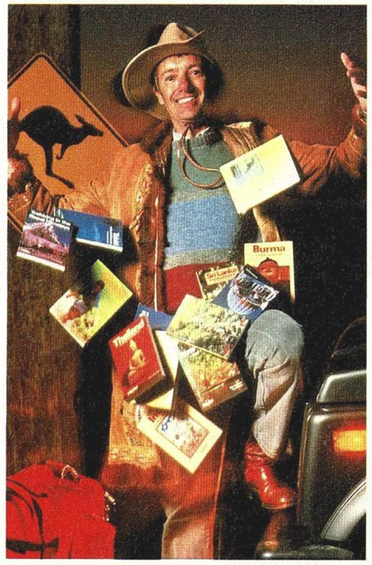
The text is witty, idiosyncratic and personable, all meticulously researched by an inveterate band of travellers-cum-writers who comb the globe for the best-value lodgings, the biggest fruit daiquiris, the worst railway stations, the most odorous bazaars, and all that tasty trivia which proper travellers crave. The books are updated every few years, and readers' tips and recommendations are checked out for revised editions.

Lonely Planet also puts out a quarterly newsletter packed with an astonishing assortment of information gleaned from readers' letters.

The *Let's Go* series of travel books sells well but these titles are produced in the States and somehow lack the peculiarly Australian perspective found in Lonely Planet guides.

Then there's always Arthur Frommer's *$ A Day* books which tell you how to get by in Hawaii for $45 a day or settle into Scandinavia for $50 a pop. It's hard to believe it now but when I first travelled to Japan in 1968, I went armed with only a Frommer tome. Tokyo on $5 a day? It did have me surviving on egg noodles and sleeping in dives on the wrong side of the Ginza but it *was* possible.

Apart from formal guidebooks, I consider it essential to dip into travel novels. Just as those vividly colored catalogues of spring flowers come to cheer optimistic gardeners in the dead of winter, a well-written travel tale can bring the sights, sounds and smells of a place right into your armchair.



A really good travel writer generously shares the secrets of a country, always tells the truth, and unceremoniously whisks you straight into the pigeon-crowded Piazza San Marco, the brassy plains of East Africa, wherever.

Take off with anything by Jan Morris, arguably the world's finest travel writer. Her *Among The Cities* will transport you to 37 places ranging from Moscow to Manhattan, Warsaw to Wyoming. Any Paul Theroux travel book you dip into will have your mind meandering and your feet itching. Theroux is a great train traveller and his *The Great Railway Bazaar* and *The Old Patagonian Express* are lively, amusing accounts of his rail experiences in Asia and South America respectively.

Eric Newby's *The Big Red Train Ride* is a bustling book that sweeps you along on an eight-day Trans-Siberian Railway journey from Moscow to the Pacific. His *Slowly Down The Ganges* moves in a more muddled style along Mother India's holiest of rivers, and is spiked with the sort of crisp insights and memorable vignettes that characterise the best travel writing.

Australian writers of the ilk of Elizabeth Jolley, David Malouf and Frank Moorhouse have contributed their experiences to a collection of travel stories, *Home And Away*, edited by Rosemary Creswell.

Sydney-based author Murray Laurence's *High Times In The Middle Of Nowhere* chronicles his extraordinary on-the-road experiences in Asia and Australia in a laugh-out-loud fashion.

Then there are novels which don't even pretend to be directed at travellers but which are written in such immediate, evocative style, they send you hurtling to the nearest travel agent to see how much it costs. Show me a female who didn't check out the price of khaki trousers and a pith helmet after reading Karen Blixen's *Out Of Africa* and I guarantee you she's dead from the follicles down. Ditto for M.M. Kaye's towering Himalayan romance *The Far Pavilions* or Lawrence Durrell's sunny, lemon-and-orange-scented stories of the idyllic Greek Islands.

And don't for a minute think you *must* be reading about Italy as your plane swoops toward Rome. The best travel writing transcends locality. I remember reading Paul Theroux's *The Kingdom By The Sea*, an account of his coastal ramble of Great Britain, while I sipped sundowner cocktails on a terrace overlooking Victoria Falls on the Zimbabwe/Zambia border. It mattered not a jot that I was on the wrong continent in entirely the wrong season. His book is full of the sort of improbable, marvellously eccentric characters you always hope to encounter on your travels and, besides, I'd read Elspeth Huxley's hot, dusty novel of Africa, *The Flame Trees Of Thika*, in a cold, damp room in London, and I experienced a weird, secret pleasure at this geographical mismatch.

If you're caught up in the Christmas shopping surge, any of the books I've mentioned will make cheery presents for travel-prone friends or family. They share that combination of intimacy and information, fun and guts that every real traveller appreciates. Of course you could just settle for the smelling salts and sharp-tipped umbrella but don't expect too many thank yous, let alone a postcard. — SUSAN KUROSAWA

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES SCHNEPF

To take Superman out of the comics and into the movies took millions in special effects. How special will they look on a video you got on special?

It was one thing to make Superman fly across the pages of comic books back in 1937. It's quite another to make him fly across the world's movie screens in the 1980s.

But fly he has, through three major box office smashes, with a fourth on the way.

To make the Man of Steel fly realistically enough to satisfy today's sophisticated movie audiences (and perform all his other super feats) stretched the special effects department to the limit. Not to mention the budget.

But with the help of some of the most advanced technology ever utilised by Hollywood, the special effects people triumphed. So much so that the original Superman cartoonist would never have dreamed his hero could achieve such miracles on screen.

At Akai, we can well identify with this. As until now, a video machine as advanced as the new VS-35 could only have been considered a dream.

Which is one reason why we've come to dub it the Super Video. The Quick Response system that could well be years ahead of anything on the market.

Who would have thought, even six months ago, that a video could be so advanced yet so simple?

The Super Video may be state-of-the-art, but it removes its operators from a state of confusion.

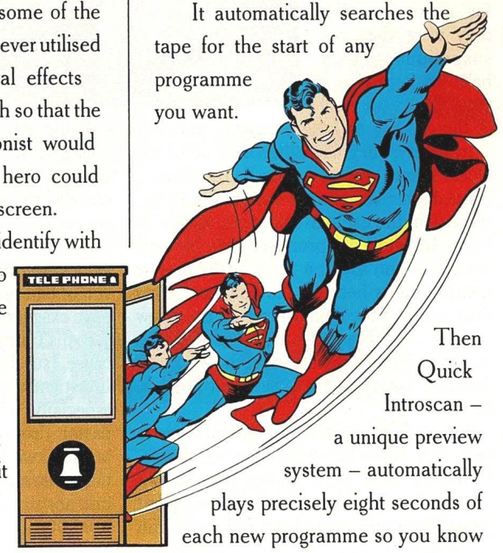
For example, the Akai Quickstart feature gives you playback and record virtually instantly – not after a frustrating eight-second wait.

The VS-35 play and record system justifies its "super" engineering with pictures on the screen almost instantly (1.5 seconds after you press the play button). And this is true from any mode.

Another feature considered impossible until now is the Super Video's Quick Index Search.

An advancement eliminating the infuriating, hit-and-miss exercise of cueing up a programme.

It automatically searches the tape for the start of any programme you want.



Then Quick Introscan – a unique preview system – automatically plays precisely eight seconds of each new programme so you know exactly where you are. Ingenious.

But the really attractive "only dreamed of" feature is how easy the Super Video is to operate.

Simply sit back and point the remote control. All the programming instructions appear on your TV screen.

The VS-35 asks you what time you want to start recording, when you want to stop, what channel you want, which day. As if that's not enough – there's One Two Three Programming – which is as simple as it sounds.

Being the ultimate VCR, the Super Video has a two-speed recording option so you can record on standard or longer play to effectively double the length of your tape. Akai have also developed a slow motion system to eliminate jerky pictures, and an ultra precise still frame facility.

There's even a Child Lock (and anti-theft) feature that prevents

children from operating the machine and watching video tapes they shouldn't.

The new Akai VS-35 video recorder. The most advanced video from Akai ever. The easiest video to operate. And like all Akai videos, covered by a three-year warranty and Akai's famed Customer Caring Spirit.

With a revolutionary breakthrough like this, is it any wonder we've called it the Super Video?

AKAI

"Customer Caring Spirit."

Superman character is a trademark of D.C. Comics Inc© 1987.

Foster Nunn Loveder AKA 0022 R

MONEY

Who says crime doesn't pay? Here are five nasty little earners which say it does.

Let's face it, we live in a dishonest world. Every day, in cities across the nation, our police wage an unending and largely futile battle against con men who prey on the innocent, the greedy and the just plain stupid. The five nasty little earners described here are among the most common. Naturally, you would never fall for these schemes, much less want to conduct one. Still, for your own self-protection, you should know what the less honest members of our community are up to. So read and take heed.

1. *Purloined Plastic* Stolen credit cards are used to defraud merchants and banks out of millions each year, but using one requires nerves of steel. Should its number turn up on the list of stolen cards furnished to all credit card outlets, it will be confiscated, you will be collared and, more often than not, sent to prison.

One way to reduce this risk is for you and a partner to operate together. The scheme works like this. You give your credit card to your accomplice who spends the next 24 hours charging goods and obtaining cash advances all over town. At the end of the day, he destroys the card and you report it stolen, Credit card companies only make you pay for the first $50 of unauthorised purchases; the rest you can split with your partner.

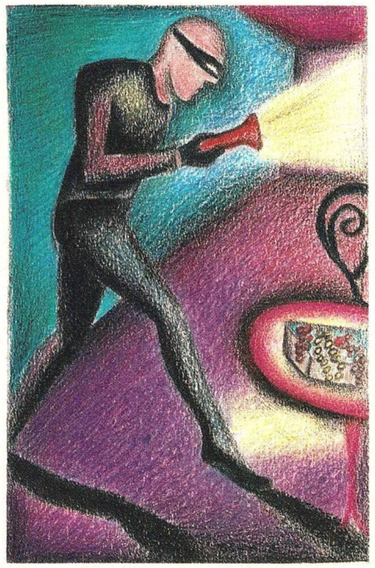
Like any business, there are certain skills required of those who hope to make a success out of this type of venture. First, your associate must have the ability to forge your signature. Second, he must be sufficiently self-assured not to bolt when a clerk insists on making a telephone credit check. Third, you must have a card with a decent credit balance; there is no point in risking jail for a few hundred dollars. Finally, this ruse cannot be repeated more than once. Even the most trusting bank is liable to become suspicious about someone who repeatedly reports a stolen card.

2. *Foot In The Door* At least one team of con men has been making a bundle pretending to work for Telecom. Their method is simplicity itself. Unlike burglars who risk injury and detection sneaking into homes in the dead of night, these guys arrive at your front door in broad daylight and politely ask to be admitted. There is a problem at the exchange, they explain, and they need to check out your phone. Because they have identification cards (complete with pictures), and because you are a trusting soul, you let them in. Once inside, the pair split up. One distracts you with a lot of chatter while the other ransacks your house for jewellery, cash, or anything else of value. It may be hours, or even days, after they leave before you realise anything is missing.

There are numerous variations on this same general theme. The only thing that changes is the pretext used to get into your house. For example, bogus roofers who claim they need publicity may offer to fix your roof for free so they can show off their work to the neighborhood. All you have to do is let them inside to assess the job.

In another variant, "carpeting salesmen" claim to have some leftover carpeting from a nearby job. They will sell it to you cheap, but they don't want to make another trip to your area. You can only have the carpeting if you let them in to measure your living room.

And then there are the two phoney nuns who gain entrance to homes posing as charity collectors, and so on. If you want to avoid being ripped off, the solution is simple. Don't invite strangers into your house.



3. *Something For Nothing* Last February, a well-known Sydney personality skipped town owing creditors $2,000,000. It seems he had talked 50 people into giving him amounts ranging from $1000 to $200,000. He promised to return their money, plus 20 percent interest, in just six weeks. This man was so charming and plausible that not one of his "investors" even bothered to ask for a receipt. Not only were they not suspicious, they believed he had put them on to the deal of the century and were suitably grateful.

In reality, they had fallen for one of the oldest scams around — the Ponzi scheme. Named after a classic con man of the 1920s, these swindles capitalise on greed and gullibility. Investors are promised astronomical returns — and the first few actually receive them. This is because the con man gives them some of the money received from new investors. After paying off enough investors to attract wide interest, the promoter shoots through, taking as much cash with him as he can.

Ponzi schemes can sometimes be made to look very much like legitimate businesses. Swindlers have been known to take out display ads in major newspapers, print glossy brochures, lease fancy offices and fill them with computers. But don't be deceived by appearances. Just remember that if someone offers you a deal that sounds too good to be true, it almost certainly is.

4. *Please Send Your Money* Ponzi schemes take a little work to get established; a plausible story must be dreamed up and at least a few investors must receive the promised return. For some con men this is too much bother. Why go to all that trouble when you can get people to part with their life savings simply by asking politely? I know it sounds crazy, but every day people send money to total strangers — money they will never see again — just because someone rang them on the telephone and promised to make them rich. Typically, the caller pretends to be a share broker and sells shares or options in some non-existent company.

Sometimes, even the telephone call is unnecessary. In 1985, an advertisement appeared in the newspapers of all capital cities. The ad invited anyone who wished to turn their spare diamonds, sapphires and rubies into cash to send them to Sydney where they would be sold at a major jewellery auction. Needless to say, the auction was never held and neither the person who placed the ad, nor the jewellery, ever seen again.

5. *Collect The Insurance* The pastor of a Baptist church in the USA collected on 76 insurance claims over a period of four years. On two occasions, he collected for injuries sustained when he slipped and fell on icy streets. He also claimed to have been involved in 30 motor car accidents, four fires and to have been the victim of several burglaries. When investigators inquired about the pastor's incredible run of bad luck, he confessed that he might have exaggerated a little, but he did it all to save his financially pressed church. A noble cause, surely. Yet one cannot blame the investigators for being a little suspicious, especially when they discovered that the pastor drove a luxury car, owned several houses, two blocks of units and a substantial bank account. The pastor went to jail, but not until he had already collected $100,000.

— SETH GREGORY

ILLUSTRATION BY KERRIE LEISHMAN

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Introducing the world's smallest, lightest, simplest camcorder.

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WOMEN

You can take me back to the '60s anytime. There's no sense of joyous possibility now.

Just thinking about it makes me want a joint, bad. I know, Nancy Reagan says we should just say no, but something tells me she spent the '60s in a tailored suit and an air-conditioned room, her head under the pillow.

But I was out — in the streets with the hippies, sleeping in the field at love-ins, marching against war, driving a VW on acid, cadging food from folk singers, dancing in dayglo, being at be-ins — and now every magazine has politely informed me that it's 20 years later and I have a powerful hankering for some grass.

Somebody once told me if you say you remember the '60s you weren't really there. I never think about the '60s. Really. Just like I never think about my childhood. It's simply that everything I am right now started then.

One day I was wearing a Peter Pan collar and a cameo brooch and then Bob Dylan came on the radio and immediately everything I thought was my world fell into a yawning chasm and I figured something was happening here, I didn't know what it was, but then neither did my mother, and she never would, so I packed a bag and ran away from home.

Next thing I knew I was living with an entire rock'n'roll band. But I had my own room — with purple silk curtains, purple Indian spread on the bed or the floor, rush matting, and incense. I anointed my body with lemon verbena oil, wore mini-skirts which barely covered my crotch, walked dreamily in torrential rains, never slept, and fell in love every day.

Girls had simple roles in the '60s. We cooked lentil casseroles and baked hash brownies. We changed the record once the guys decided whether they wanted to hear the new Cream or Procol Harum. We put mascara on Vietnam-bound boys. And we kept explaining that it wasn't that we were uptight, and no, we weren't afraid of sex, we just didn't feel like doing it at that moment.

Listen, it wasn't anything like feminist utopia. But I remember going to a gynaecologist and being fitted with an IUD. As I lay in bed, bleeding and in intense pain, I was happy as a lark. I wouldn't get pregnant! I could sleep with boys I wasn't engaged to! And what's more, I didn't have to marry anybody!

Was it only the giddiness of youth, this euphoric feeling of freedom, of things breaking wide open, of nothing making the same boring sense it used to? Or was it the '60s? Were they magic like we thought they were at the time?

Yep, they were. My apartment is now incessantly over-run with 16-year-olds, my son and his gang. They are adorable, smart, open-hearted kids. But there is no sense of joyous possibility in their eyes as there was in the '60s.

These kids are cynical bastards — Reagan sucks, society sucks, the future sucks, but they'll play the game, because they feel they have no choice.

Yet they get a gleam in their eyes when I tell them what it was like. Yes, I was around when Dylan started acoustic, finished electric. Yes, Keith Moon actually spoke to me once. Yes, I saw Janis Joplin, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones. Yes, I once sat at Jimi Hendrix's bedside. Yes, I sat in, marched, went to rallies.

I often come home to the time-warp smell of incense, the sound of Crosby, Stills And Nash, and the sight of young bodies festooned with peace signs, tie-dye and headbands. The biggest poster in my son's room is of Jimi playing his Fender Strat. To them, Hendrix is God.

I know what these kids pine for. They want the feeling that we had back then, the feeling that there was us, and then there was them — the straight people. The feeling that you were either on the bus or off the bus. The feeling that good and evil were clear-cut, that those who believed that we should be in Vietnam and that guys should have short hair were evil.

And, most important, the feeling that there was a good chance we would win. These days everyone assumes that Ollie North was lying, and knows there's not a damned thing we can do about it, even if we wanted too.

Arlo Guthrie once said, "I remember when you could look down the street and you could tell who was your friend and who wasn't. There was a six-month period there — you knew who had a roach on him. He was holdin' on to it for dear life . . . but then you had guys who looked exactly like you sellin' you oregano."

And I remember the day we were hanging around the band's commune and Roger came in with the first press kit for a rock band (Moby Grape) any of us had ever seen. It looked psychedelic, yet it was done by ad people.

I believe the word "hype" was coined on that very day. We felt a sinking awe, we knew that hippies (a media term we adored) were about to be swallowed by the voracious maw of corporate society. The loophole we had found would soon be closed and nobody would be playing guitar for the hell of it anymore.

A couple of years ago I went with a boyfriend to one of those trendy city nightclubs, where everyone wears black leather and looks bored while they grovel shamelessly to get into the VIP room.

"Why do you come here, these people are all wankers," he said.

"At least they're not straight," I snapped back at him.

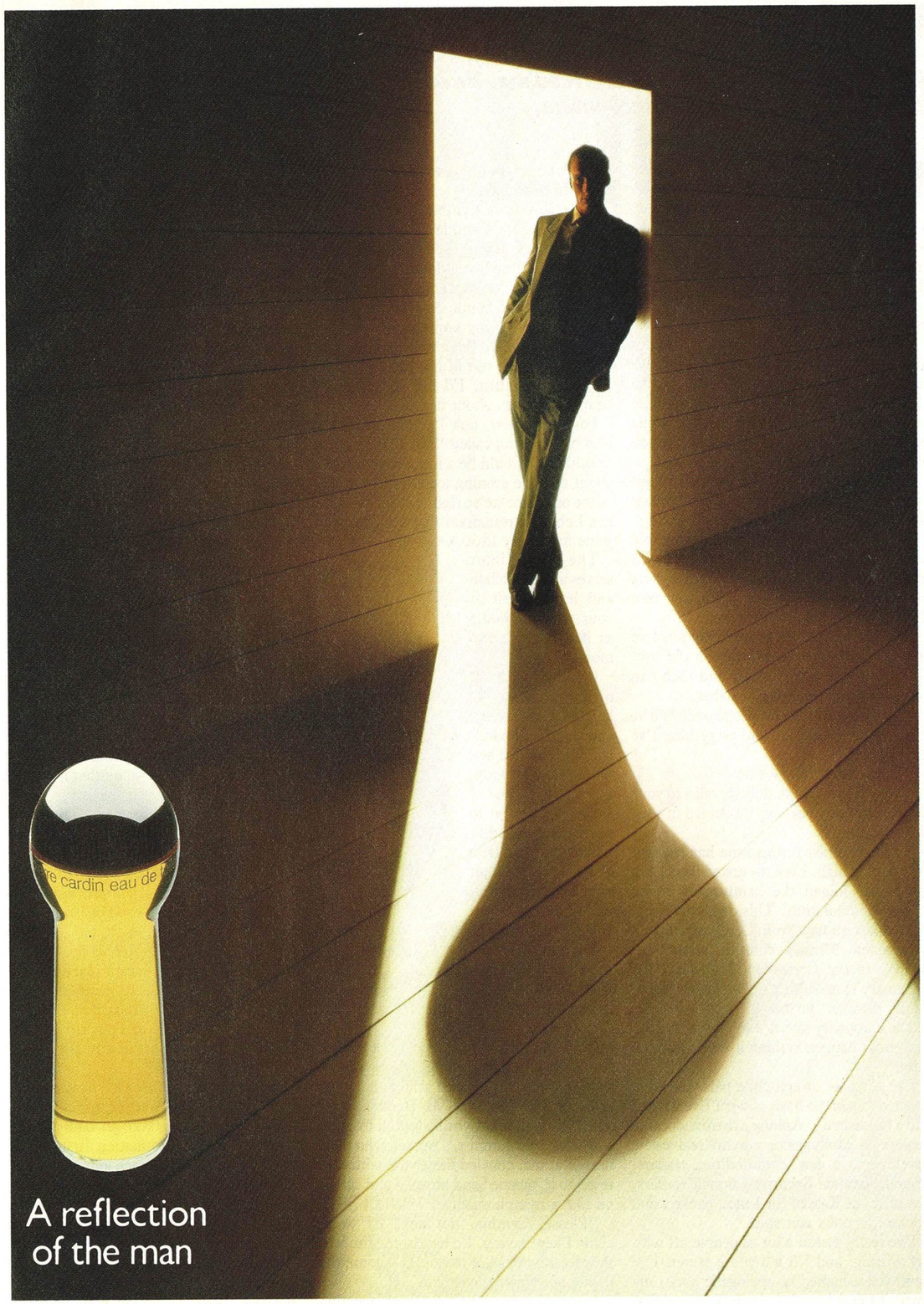
"Darl," he said, "you're a moron. You still think there's such a thing as a counter-culture. These people would all sell their mothers for their big break on MTV. The term 'selling out' is obsolete."

Of course he's right. I don't have to tell you about the morally bankrupt '80s, we're all living here. But I am here to testify incessantly that the '60s, contrary to popular belief, are not dead. Many of the things that we were ostracised for fighting for — civil rights, natural foods, consumer advocacy, ecological purity — are now accepted as commonplace.

And deep in the heart of every 40-year-old accountant is the secret knowledge that he was there, then. He may not admit it, he may not want to do anything about it, but he still gets a twinge of fury when he hears *Day Tripper* in Muzak, and a hidden part of his brain sings *What a drag it is to get old* at three in the morning while he's trying to get some sleep. He knows what's been lost.

And pretty soon all those kids hanging around my apartment and their brothers and sisters all over the country may rise up with a mighty hue and cry, and the '80s will be over. And, hey, we can start having fun again.

— CYNTHIA HEIMEL



MEN

Alas, our Women columnist has iced me. Now I'll never get to write My Dinner With Cynthia.

Want to know about a day in the life of the average *Playboy* columnist? Hey, it's a breeze. I go into the office and take a sauna, get a massage from one of the centrefolds, drink some champagne from the water cooler.

It makes for a tough morning, but I manage to survive.

Christie Hefner often asks me out for lunch. Hef himself calls to say hello. We laugh a lot. Then along about three in the afternoon, I go back to the office and write my column. Yes, it's hard to type while Bunnies are feeding you grapes, but if you wear a bib and nothing else, it's okay.

If you believe any of the above, I've got some oceanfront property in Alice Springs that I'll sell you for a song.

No, writing a Men column isn't one big party. I'd say it's more like walking point in the jungle. There are a lot of ambushers out there — mostly women — and they take their shots and throw their darts.

Here are some of the more recent hits I've stumbled into during my walk in the sun:

— "I'm going to take karate and then I'm going to break your neck, Baber."

— "You're trashing the sisterhood. You're trashing my revolution and everything I've worked for."

— "Your entire life is a lie."

— "Why do you think nobody talks to you? Because nobody wants to be quoted in your shitty column."

— "Anti-feminist propaganda has reached an alarming high. Even my erstwhile pal Asa Baber has joined the bandwagon in his recent Men columns. This depresses me."

That last quote is from Cynthia Heimel's September Women column about her holiday in the Caribbean. I checked the dictionary to make sure I got it right. "Erstwhile" means "former".

The dictionary says it's an archaic expression, but I happen to think it's very contemporary.

I've got a lot of erstwhile pals who have rejected me on the basis of what I've written and published. Among them: cocaine dealers in Hollywood, certain real estate developers, a few commodities traders, several National Security Council staffers, executives of Korean Air Lines, bankers and boozers, spooks and spies.

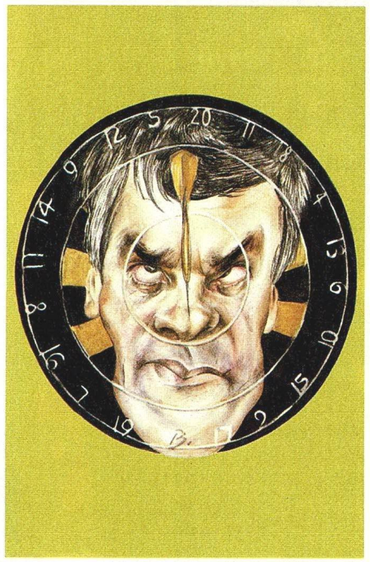
I've really pissed a lot of people off with my writing, and I'll tell you a secret: I've never felt ashamed or apologetic about my work. I know it makes some people angry, but I also know I have to write it as I see it.

But there's another secret that lies deeper: I really dislike being disliked. Underneath it all, I'm just another jerk on the highway of life who craves love and affection. Especially from women.

Especially from Cynthia.

Up until now, Cynthia and I have done a good job of giving each other room, of living and letting live. I don't think columnists should bicker. It's amusing for a short time, but then it sours. So I'm not here to start a point-scoring contest. We all have better things to do. But a woman I like a lot has just iced me out of her life and called me a propagandist. I'd like to tell you a couple of things about her.

For several years now I've toyed with the idea of a column called "My Dinner With Cynthia". It would be a humorous column about our one evening together in the city — the only time we've really talked. We went to a Lebanese restaurant that's a favorite of mine for a cosy little tete-a-tete.



The proprietor serves a mean kebab and lets you sit at your table for hours as if time were not money.

Cynthia and I hit it off immediately. We laughed and chortled and shared. She kidded me, I kidded her. She fluffed her long, tousled hair and I sucked in my gut to prove the beer hadn't bloated it. We talked about writing, about our divorces, about our children, about *Playboy* magazine.

I thought that there was great affection and respect between us, a strong camaraderie.

"My Dinner With Cynthia" was going to be a report on that evening. It was going to start in a way that I hoped would amuse and infuriate the stunning Ms Heimel. I was going to claim that Cynthia was all over me, a lust-crazed columnist, a woman who threw herself at me, crawled under the tablecloth to get to it, moaned and groaned and carried on like a nymphomaniac.

"Please, Cynthia, not now!" I would claim I kept saying. I'd have some fun with the idea, and then, at the end, I'd admit that it was my fantasy, not hers.

I can't do that now, of course. Cynthia, like not a few women I know, has written me out of her life because of some of the things I've written. I'm her *erstwhile* pal. I write anti-feminist propaganda. I am beyond the pale and I deserve the big chill.

I can't retract what I've written and I don't think it's anti-feminist propaganda. I've said something very simple, really: the Empress Of Feminism has no clothes. She's as naked as Cynthia in the Caribbean, but all of her cohorts are intentionally blind to that fact and claim she's robed and sceptred and on her throne. I've seen through her pose. I understand that feminism has a strong tinge of sexism about it, a sexism that locks out men and creates even greater divisions in our culture. We can do better than that, all of us, men and women. Sexism of all persuasions is the enemy.

Cynthia, my erstwhile sister, what's so wrong with that thought? And why have you taken such a shot at me as a writer? We're not even pals anymore because of what I've written? No more intimate dinners for us?

Sounds familiar, Cyn. You'll hate me for this, but I've got to say it: sounds just like a woman.

Want to know why so many men are uncomfortable challenging feminism today? They see through it. They understand that it's a form of sexism, that it argues not for equality but for privileges. Cynthia, my dear kebab-nibbler, men are very frightened of being frozen out by women. You've proved once again that such fears are justified. You've disappeared our friendship with a stroke of the key. Sort of a bitchy thing to do, don't you think?

I learned long ago that it's both risky and fun to walk point. You see more from that vantage, and unless you get badly dinged, you get to your destination first. And at some moment during each journey you have the sense that you're walking through unexplored territory, that you're living by your wits. In all honesty, it's a ball if you're into excitement.

Okay, Cynthia, my dearest darling, I'm going to give you one more chance to take me back. What do you say, huh? Want some tabouli? Want some baklava? I can't promise I'll write what you want. But I'll let you be on top for a while, the way you like it. Promise.

— ASA BABER

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SPORT

Hang gliding is just pure exhilaration. It's the ultimate insult to the forces of gravity.

Crouched down under my hang glider, helmet on, flight plan memorised and anticipation running high, I heard my instructor say: "Yeah, this time it's right. Are you ready?" I nodded my head vigorously.

My shoulders jammed up into the glider's A-frame and I stood erect as the breeze strengthened into a 10 knot wind. Yes, this was it all right. I was about to jump off a cleared ridge on the unfortunately named Pig Hill, 300 metres up, for my first session of sustained hang gliding.

"All right, when you're ready, it's all yours," said my instructor. I took command. Wing tips level, balance right, breeze okay. Glider feels good. Right, let's go for it, I decided.

The running part of take-offs is one of my strong points and as I ran down that grassy slope high on Pig Hill I powered into it like never before. The runway end raced up toward me as I gave an extra little surge and a slight nudge forward on my control bar to effect lift-off. The sensation was immediate. I rocketed up, out and forward away from the ridge top, leaving my anxious friends behind.

Amazing exhilaration swept over me as the tree line dropped away at an impossibly quick rate to leave a vast amount of nothingness surrounding me. Simultaneously, I was hit by yet another thermal which shook my control of the glider and flung me still higher into the air as I continued to spear forward into space.

I felt as though I was travelling at great pace as the wind drove into my face, causing tears to stream down my cheeks. It was heady stuff. I tried desperately to keep straight and level, working more on sensory feel than vision. And all the while in those early moments, the ground below was dropping, dropping away to a very distant valley floor.

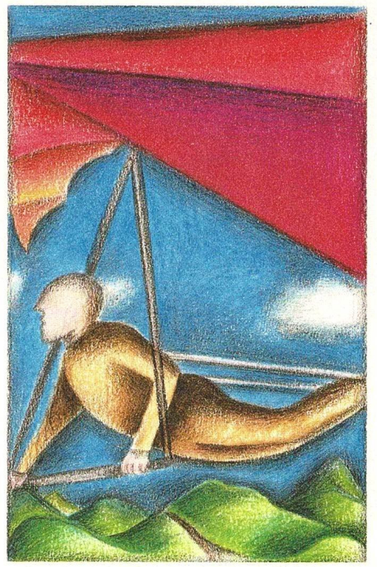
Suddenly, 40 seconds into my first high flight, fear overcame all other concerns. I looked down 300m and stared in awe at the carpet of tree-tops below: any one of those beautiful, jagged gum trees could be my destroyer if I lost control and plummeted earthward.

I was shit scared. A tremendous feeling of the utter emptiness of height was inescapable as I realised there was simply nothing between me and certain death, should things go wrong. In reality, it wouldn't matter if you fell from 30m, 300m or way above the clouds, you're still just as dead after hitting the ground, but that doesn't occur to you at the time.

And then, slowly, I had this growing awareness I was actually enjoying myself: in fact, Jesus Christ, this was bloody fantastic. I was having a ball — up there with the birds. It was great: so good I decided to give a little turn a try. And it worked, so I completed a somewhat tentative 360 degrees: then, growing in cockiness, I did a circle in the opposite direction. It worked, too. Hey, what a pro!

This was a high glide, not a soar, so it had to end sooner rather than later. I picked my landing area; worked out the approach — downward, crosswind, then up toward the tree. As the ground came rushing up at me, I levelled off for a perfectly controlled landing. Total time in the air: roughly seven minutes.

Hang gliding in Australia enjoys a reasonable following by a dedicated group of people. In fact, it's probably one of the best kept secrets around: and there is some truth to the claim that hang glider pilots sleep with a smile on their face. Not that hang gliding creates a smugness in people. It's just that jumping off 300m cliffs and living to talk about it involves some kind of trick completely foreign to man and common to birds.



The reasons why people take up hang gliding are usually complex and very personal. You'll find that very few people who were simply invited along or were dared into it by a friend will succeed in hang gliding. You really have to want to do it for your own reasons.

The quickest trial which sorts out the pretenders from the genuines is the early training phase. Most common is the sand dune scene. Endless hours dragging heavy (about 35kg) gliders up sandhills in sweltering heat just for the privilege of a 10 second glide finishing with a mouthful of sand is enough to drive most people away forever.

Even beginners who take to the training hills in country areas have to battle with thistles and cow pats during the first 30 or so hours of tuition. Fortunately, true motivation can overcome these obstacles.

To achieve flight, the average weight male has to experience wind speed of 24km/h. This means our intrepid learner must run into an 8km/h breeze at a speed of at least 16km/h. And that's just in order to achieve lift-off! All the while you have to keep this bloody unwieldy glider straight and level. It's tough stuff and very unrewarding at first. But, when that moment finally arrives and your harness straps pull tight on your crotch and your little legs are lifted from the ground, it's a sensation you never forget. Flight — short, yes: only about four seconds — but flight nonetheless.

Things progress fairly rapidly from that point and the time in the air increases as your take-off point works backwards up the ever steepening slope. In a matter of days, flight time grows to 20 seconds, 30 seconds: then a few gentle turns are thrown in and landings perfected.

And so, to the ultimate form of hang gliding — the soar. Usually performed at a coastal site, a soaring flight is when a pilot jumps off a pretty much vertical landform and stays aloft indefinitely. This must be the purest insult imaginable to the forces of gravity.

My first ridge soar was as unbelievable as it was thrilling. A few seconds to steady the wing tips, a quick glance to either side, then I stepped forward into the path of the upward rushing air. Whoosh! Up I went: airborne once again. But this was a serious moment, a new game for me, so I listened intently to the radio as the ever-helpful instructor talked me through a few simple turns and passes along the ridge.

What a feeling! What a thrill! I was flying back and forth in a kind of weightless limbo. There was no gravitational force pulling me down and virtually nothing sending me up. With each swooping traverse of the ridge I could see my friends looming up, then I would whizz past them and bank into a turn before zipping by once again on the opposite tack.

I was actually flying, free as a bird. Sharing the sky with no other human: alone and distanced from the band of onlookers. — MARK MACCALLUM

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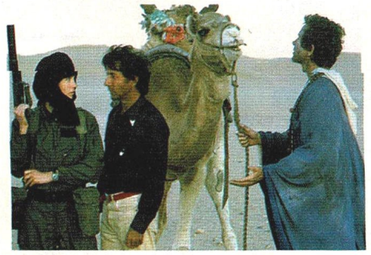
SHOWBIZ

On the road again: to Ishtar with Hoffman and Beatty and to China with Elton and comrades.

KINDLY ADJUST YOUR FIGURES: Inflation means things are never what they seem. Although nothing can detract from the fact that *Crocodile Dundee* is the most successful Australian film in history and clearly the biggest domestic box-office winner so far, its lead is not as great as it first appeared. With more than $16 million in Australian cinema rentals, it will be a hard one to top, but once inflation is taken into account, 1982's *Man From Snowy River* also comfortably tops the $10 million mark, while the previous top dog, Hollywood's *E.T.*, which took over $11 million back in 1983, would manage around $14 million in today's terms. The most surprising adjusted figure of all is $4.3 million for 1966's *They're A Weird Mob*, a colossal figure for an *Australian* film 20 years ago. If you want to know what all the fuss was about, this very funny, whimsical tale of an Italian journalist's adventures when he migrates to Australia and ends up as a brickie has just been released on video and promises to be a big success all over again.

●

ISHTAR, ISHTAR, ALL FALL DOWN: Meanwhile, skyrocketing budgets continue to exercise an awful fascination, and the scandal of the moment is the $US35 million plus (over $A50 million) spent on the **Warren Beatty/Dustin Hoffman** starrer, *Ishtar*, which Beatty produced. Word from certain US critics was that this tale of two bad singer/songwriters caught in the middle of a political upheaval in an Arab country was as exciting as farting in the bath. Still,



Ishtar: Adjani, Hoffman and Beatty . . . and friend.

Bob Hope and **Bing Crosby** made an entire movie career together out of this type of thing in the *Road To* series, so perhaps we shouldn't be too surprised that *Ishtar*'s tale of spies, ancient maps, mutiny and a journey on a blind camel gets the audience laughing from the opening credits. French actress **Isabelle Adjani**, as a stunning revolutionary, is a definite bonus to the two ageing superstars.

●

REELING AND ROCKING: **Elton John** has been talking with **Sylvester Stallone** about scoring *Rambo III*, and he also plans to tour China in 1988 with the **Melbourne Symphony Orchestra**... **Timothy Dalton** will star in *Hawks*, a black comedy written by the **Bee Gees' Barry Gibb**. Gibb and **Eric Clapton** are reportedly doing the soundtrack. In other Clapton news, Polygram will observe Eric's silver anniversary in rock with a six-album retrospective that will go all the way back to the **Yardbirds** . . . **David Byrne** is working on the score of director **Bernardo Bertolucci**'s new movie *The Last Emperor.*

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule closeups of current movies by graham barry

Dragnet Dan Aykroyd revamps Joe Friday with all due respect, and a straight face and he's never been so funny. ¥¥¥¥

Good Morning, Babylon Tales of old Hollywood, when D.W. Griffith made *Intolerance,* never catch fire. ¥¥

Ground Zero Aussie movie of the year with Colin Friels investigating cover-up during Brits' nuclear tests. ¥¥¥

Harry And The Hendersons Cute family finds cute Bigfoot and brings it home. Terminally cute. Prefer *Predator.* ¥

La Bamba A rock'n'roll classic comes to life, along with its creator, Richie Valens. ¥¥¥

Living Daylights New Bond Timothy Dalton raises the standard to something like Sean Connery's level. ¥¥¥

Nightmare On Elm Street 3 Freddy's back! This time the special effects will scare the pants off you. ¥¥¥¥

Predator Forget Arnold Schwarzenegger. Only the monster is worth while in this *Rambo*-sci-fi mix. ¥

Roxanne is the wondrous Daryl Hannah, Steve Martin her modern-day Cyrano. Very funny. Very romantic. ¥¥¥¥

The Big Easy Cop Dennis Quaid and DA Ellen Barkin catch the baddies — and make great sexual chemistry. ¥¥¥¥

The Untouchables Eliot Ness (Kevin Kostner) beats Al Capone (Robert De Niro) with help from Sean Connery. Great cops and robbers. ¥¥¥¥

The Witches Of Eastwick Horny little devil Jack Nicholson and three gorgeous witches make explosive mixture. ¥¥¥

Withnail And I Down and out in London and points west with two demented actors. Outrageous. ¥¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥¥ Outstanding
¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

NEWSBREAKS: **Priscilla Presley**'s book *Elvis And Me* will be turned into a four-hour TV mini-series by Presley's own production company . . . **The Crickets** have regrouped and are in London recording with the help of ultimate **Buddy Holly** fan **Paul McCartney** . . . **Prince**'s sister, **Tyka Nelson**, has a debut album coming out in January . . . **John Lennon** items brought in the highest bids at Sotheby's fifth annual rock auction. The music curator for the Hard Rock Cafes bought most of them, including John's original lyric sheets for

Good Morning, Babylon recreates the biggest film-set in history — D.W. Griffith's Intolerance.

Dear Prudence and *Imagine* and a pair of glasses. Even **Ringo**'s 1961 car-insurance policy went for $550 . . . We thought it was **Mick Jagger** who was the stumbling block to the **Stones**' getting back together to record, with **Keith Richards** insisting it would happen, but now that Mick, **Charlie** and **Bill** have all indicated willingness to reunite after Mick's solo tour, it is Keith's multi-album contract with Virgin and his own solo album which make any Stones plans look pretty iffy.

●

PRICK UP YOUR WHATS?: Twenty years ago the great new name in the London theatre was **Joe Orton**, with two monster hits (*Entertaining Mr Sloane* and *Loot*), movies in the offing, awards and offers from **Brian Epstein** to script a **Beatles** movie. But as might have been suspected from his risque plots, Orton himself was a cruising homosexual whose idea of thrills was to stand his prestigious *Evening Standard* drama award in the corner of a public lavatory while he and the boys got down to it. At the height of his fame he was found murdered, his head bashed in with a hammer wielded by his jealous lover, long-time room-mate and mentor, **Kenneth Halliwell.** The story is told with enormous wit and verve (and with none of the sleaze spared) in *Prick Up Your Ears*, a title Orton himself would have loved as a play on words. **Gary Oldman** as Orton adds another brilliant performance to his tour de force as Sid Vicious in *Sid And Nancy*, and **Vanessa Redgrave** is at her scintillating best as his agent.

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DEAR GIRLS OF PLAYBOY

Our lovely ladies of Playboy answer your most intimate queries.

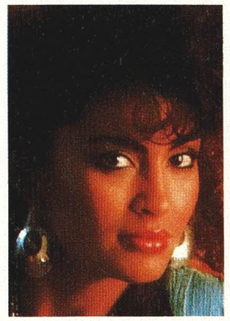
The question for the month:
What's the best kind of first date?

A guy who is mysterious! I don't want to know too much at first. I want to figure him out. I can be pretty demanding and I can come on too strong, so I like a first date to go nice and slow to see how he reacts to me. Then, if things are going well I can loosen up, get crazy and just be Rebecca. I like a first date that lasts a whole day. Let's take a ride, go to the beach, have lunch, see a movie, have dinner, go dancing. I love to dance and I like a lot of people around me. If the first date goes well, maybe some cuddling on the second date.

Rebecca Ferratti

REBECCA FERRATTI
JULY 1986

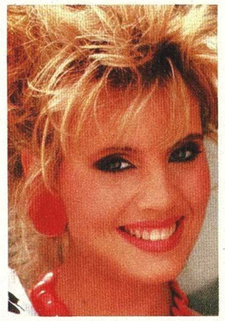
I don't like the phrase first date. I get very nervous and self-conscious. But if I meet someone some other way and it develops into a first date after we've known each other for a while, that's wonderful. The man I'm seeing now started out as a business-lunch date. We were trying to talk business when we realised that something quite different was going on. We arranged to meet again and then again. A stranger is different. I don't know what sort of person he is; I don't know why he is asking me. He may take me dancing when I don't like anyone to watch me dance. Does he expect a kiss?



Marina Baker

MARINA BAKER
APRIL 1987

The best kind of first date is the kind that's low-key enough for conversation. Initially, I'm trying to get to know the man and I don't like to go somewhere with loud music I have to scream over. A nice, quiet dinner is good. If the guy really wants to impress me, roses are great. But the talking is the most important part. If you can find out enough about him and he about you, both of you will know if there is any reason to consider a second date. You have to have information and impressions to build on.



Laurie Carr

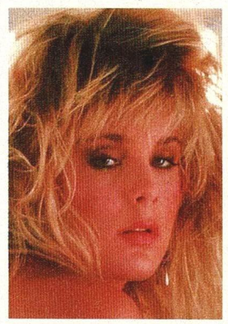
LAURIE CARR
JANUARY 1987

Well, it doesn't have to start with chocolates but I enjoy the anticipation of what the night holds. It doesn't matter where we go — a parkside picnic or an expensive French restaurant — what's important is good conversation, being able to laugh and be silly but also talk seriously and to really listen to what is being exchanged. It is important that we are both more interested in one another than in ourselves. I like it when we are so caught up we really experience the beauty of the moment rather than reaching for some long-term goal. It ends with the feeling that I have really got to know someone. . . and hopefully with a kiss goodnight!

Ellen Stohl

ELLEN STOHL
AUGUST 1987

I like to be wined and dined and go to nice places with a gentleman. I love roses. A single rose is special. I like a down-to-earth man. I don't want him to put on an act. I hate it when a man won't talk. And I also hate it when he talks too much about himself. I went out with a model once and he talked about himself. I like to go and look out on something. Maybe after dinner, we'd go sit somewhere with a view or go out on a boat. I like to watch people and the passing scene. I like that curiosity in a guy, too.



Kym Paige

KYM PAIGE
JUNE 1987

I think a first date should be a lot of fun and not be taken too seriously by either person. I'm not someone who dates much and I'm very selective about whom I let into my life. I usually pick men I already know and have reason to think I'm going to like. On a first date, I like to do something we both know how to do. This is not the moment to try a brand-new activity, like miniature golf or something that may make either of us look vulnerable or silly.

Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
MARCH 1987

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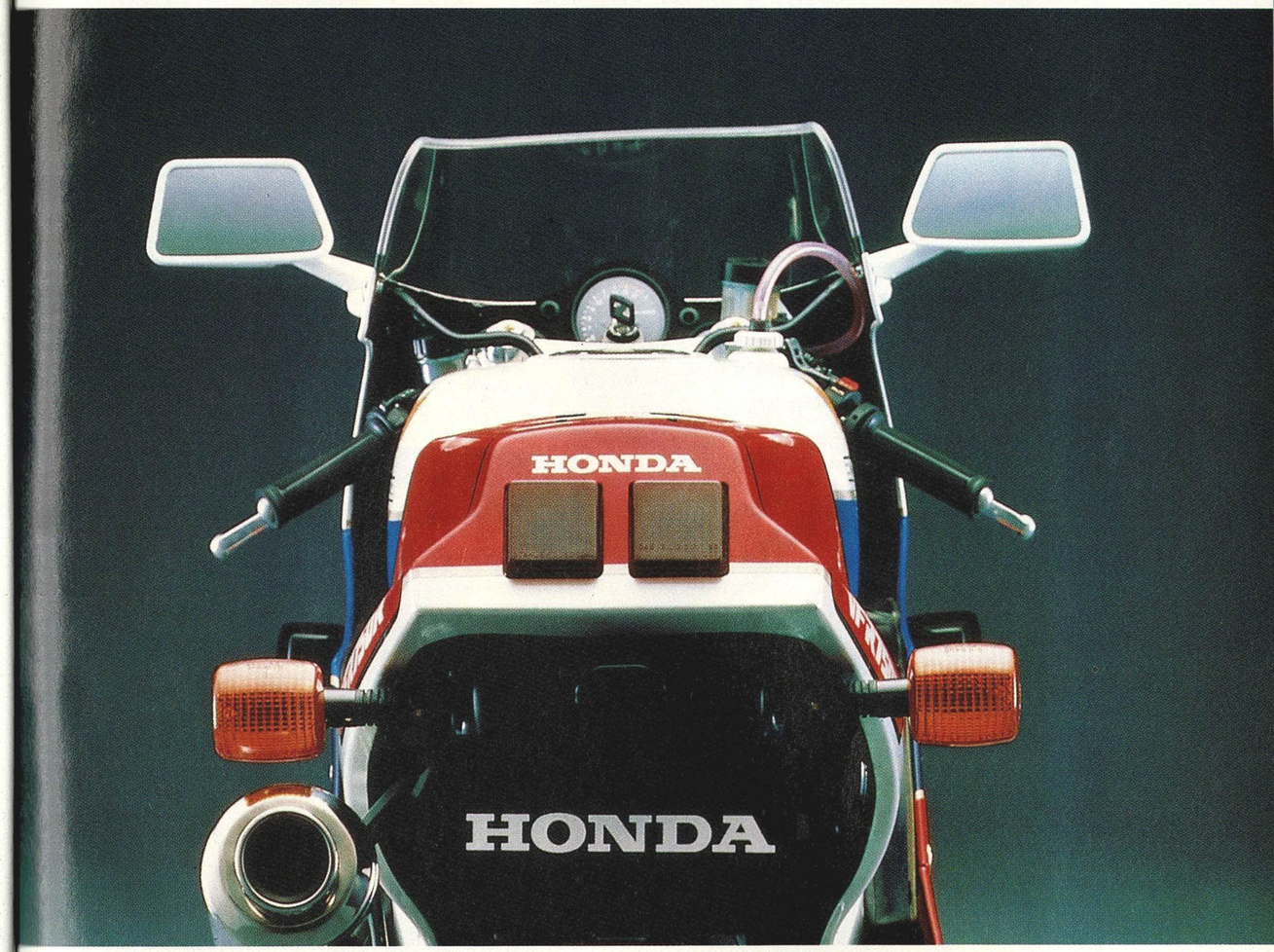

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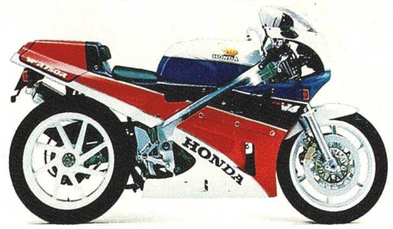

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: KEN DONE

A candid conversation with Australia's most prolific artist about our beach culture, the Ken Done industry, and how he'd design a new Oz flag.

When Ken Done, successful advertising creative director (retired), held his first exhibition of paintings in 1980 at the age of 40, he had in mind a mid-life career as a painter. But the spin-off from his lyrical images of Sydney beaches and the Harbor snowballed into a one-man art industry that, seven years later, sees the affable Done as an international identity with an annual turnover in excess of $4 million. He has been dubbed Australia's most commercially successful artist.

Today, the Ken Done moniker can be found, not only on paintings that sell for many thousands of dollars, but on T-shirts, bedsheets, boardshorts, greeting cards, mugs, jumpers, umbrellas, towels, watches, glasses, bags and placemats, many of which are available around the world.

Done has become the archetypal businessman/artist whose signature now adorns cheques and international contracts with as much meaningful presence as it displays on his designs. And that's not bad for a bloke who left school at 14 to become East Sydney Tech's youngest art student. Done started painting as an alternative to his advertising graphic design work in 1969. As with a lot of art directors, you only had to peel back the skin of corporate commitment to find the painter who wants to get something of himself down on canvas unbridled by the client's marketing objectives.

It took 11 years before the impulses were so strong that Done walked away from his successful advertising career and started to paint full time. He had no idea then of the direction his work would take him. There was no concept of the Ken Done art empire. The man just wanted to paint.

It was the images of his immediate environment that mesmerised him — the Sydney beaches with their charismatic patterns of bodies and bright colors, the Harbor and its yachts, the sub-tropical vegetation of the North Shore and the Peninsula with its sensuous flowers and broad, deep-green leaves, the shells, fish, rocks . . . all took on a new significance under the Done brush strokes. He began to show us, through his entrancing, decorative style, aspects of Sydney and its coastal surrounds that we took for granted because they had always been there.

His work glowed with sunlight and color and the joy of being alive. Australians were quick to respond to this immensely attractive interpretation of our lifestyle and its symbols. He readily acknowledges the influence in his paintings of the Post-Impressionist heroes, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Matisse and Fauvist Dufy, and Australia's Fred Williams and Brett Whiteley have also made their mark.

His paintings were accepted for competition in the prestigious Blake, Archibald and Sulman prizes and by 1980 he was working toward his first one-man show. Soon after, he opened his own exhibition space, the Art Directors' Gallery.

Done divides his time between running his commercial operation in the city and working at his studio, a two-storey, white weatherboard house — he refers to it as the cabin — that nestles at the bottom of a leafy escarpment right on the water at Chinaman's Beach in Sydney's Middle Harbor. He paints in an upper room that affords him stimulating views of the beach and the seascape that runs away toward the Heads. It is here that one senses the intimacy he shares with his surroundings.

Done first saw the cabin when he was 14. He says, "I knew then that this place and I had a time to be involved with one another." He expresses a feeling that people have been finding shelter on this spot since earliest time.

His family house is half a kilometre away in middle-class Mosman but he spends most weekends with his wife Judy and kids Camilla, 16, and Oscar, 10, and their dog Spot at the cabin. Here they are in touch and in tune with the rhythms of the beach, the moods of the sea and the

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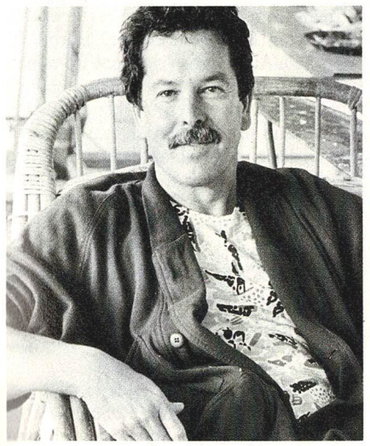

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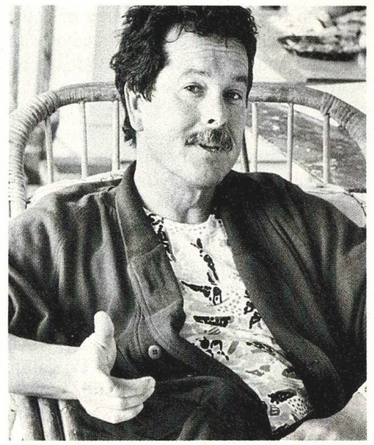

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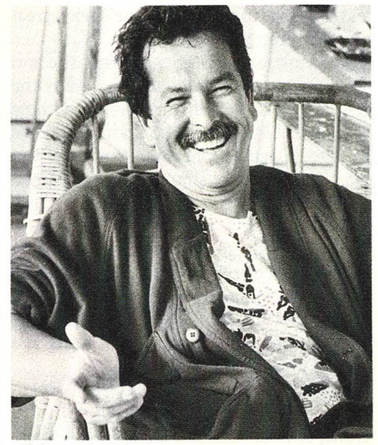

"My name is easy to pronounce for the Japanese. It actually means something like good person or good boy. I mean, it could be much worse, couldn't it?"

seasons of the year — the very essence of much of Done's art. Bougainvillaea vines swathe the cabin with their vibrant magenta blooms, a frangipani tree drops its fragrant, milky flowers on the lawn. A huge camphor laurel offers welcome shade from the noon sun. But such is his high profile these days that the cabin is regularly pointed out to tourists cruising past in sightseeing boats.

Australian Playboy contributing editor ***Rennie Ellis*** *spent time with Done at his cabin, accompanied the prolific artist around his favorite beachside nooks and crannies and shared salad and wine with Done and wife Judy on the lawn that separates the cabin from the rocks. He found the youthful 47-year-old artist/businessman to be an enthusiastic observer and commentator on his favorite painting subjects. Ellis says that while Done has a strong sense of himself as successful designer, entrepreneur and celebrity there is also a humble side to him that keeps things well in perspective and will not allow him to be seduced by success. He may be a wealthy man but he does not show off his riches and seems to keep well in touch with his roots while working passionately at being a better painter.*

PLAYBOY: Perhaps one reason you've really taken off in Australia is that you've shown Australians images of themselves we believe in, rather than outback myths. The beach especially plays a major role in our culture and consciousness and there's a wonderful egalitarianism about it.

DONE: I believe that too. Generally I'm not a painter of the inside of Australia. It's this edge of Australia that holds us all together that I find very exciting.

PLAYBOY: Our beaches often seem incredibly erotic and yet in your paintings and drawings of the beach there's not a great sense of eroticism.

DONE: Australian beaches are fantastic and sensual. No question about that. But the sensuality is often in the color and these wonderful little jewel-like knots of people gathered together. Of course sometimes you see beautiful, sensual women in abandoned positions, untouchable, but often surrounded by a pride of admirers. Australian men are masters of the under-the-armpit glance on the beach. We would win the girl-watching Olympics for sure. Which is fine. If a girl is lying around the beach with virtually no clothes on I think it's almost impolite *not* to look.

PLAYBOY: Brett Whiteley tends to concentrate on one torso on the beach with this erotic, sensual buttock which jumps out and hits you in the eye.

DONE: Yes, I tend to pull back from it a little bit, but give me time and maybe you'll find I move into detail.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is special about Australians? What are our identifiable quirks and characteristics?

DONE: I think we've got a great sense of humor, which is hard to define. We have the ability to send ourselves up. I think those qualities of openness and friendliness, by and large, are still there too. And we don't let people get too far up themselves, although this can go over the top where you have the tall poppy syndrome and people get chopped down just because they're successful. We can learn a lot from the Americans in terms of respect for success. And I think the English can teach us a great deal about the ability to prick pomposity. Hopefully we can be somewhere in between.

When I first went to England in the '60s and worked as an art director, I was very proud to be an Australian. I was in photographer Lord Snowdon's study once to talk to him about a job we were working on, and quite unexpectedly Princess Margaret came in. It threw me a bit. And she asked me politely who I was. These words "I am Australian" flashed out before anything else as if this would cover any eventuality, you know, if I leaped upon her, or fainted or farted. Maybe being Australian has to do with this big, shared experience of childhood things — the beach, those hot, ticking summer days. Of bindi-eyes. The shared experience of a seven-year-old kid walking over a field of bindi-eyes . . . that was our Gallipoli. For us it's the beaches that are the equivalent of growing up in the green fields of England. That sensation of sun on your shoulders, of starting to get slightly burnt, of the wind coming up after a really hot Sunday at the beach, ties us all together in some way.

PLAYBOY: What brought you back to Australia after five successful years working in London?

DONE: To buy and breed. To settle down I suppose. It just got to that point. We'd been married for five years and we were either going to buy a house in Chelsea or come back. We came back and bought a house in Mosman and we've lived in it ever since.

PLAYBOY: What was the motivating factor which made you decide to step away from the advertising business? You were successful, had the respect of your peers and presumably you were earning a lot of money.

DONE: You have to go back to 1975. I was creative director of J. Walter Thompson [*JWT*] but I used to spend every Thursday afternoon going to paint with John Olsen and Frank Hodgkinson who had a sort of painting school up in Paddington. Time in the agency was so precious. But I'd say I've got meetings this afternoon and I'd go off and paint for that half day. Still, it took another three or four years. I was working freelance for various agencies even though I was always "the creative director". None of the clients knew but I was only there two or three days a week. And I spent the other time painting. Then in 1979 I did nothing but paint every day. It was my 39th year and I'd decided to have an exhibition in 1980 at the ripe old age of 40. I went to a small room in North Sydney and I painted every day. It's not an experience I'd want to go through again. You have to make that bridge between advertising and painting by setting the problem for yourself every day, whereas I'd come from a situation where the problem had always been set. Why I did it is much harder to explain, and yet extremely easy — I just had to do it.

I had given up success in terms of receiving a considerable amount of money in salary as the creative director of JWT. I had the choice of moving to other agencies or opening up my own. But I'd been in the advertising business since I was 20 and I just felt it had no more to offer, and maybe I had no more to offer it. And to be a really good painter takes time and commitment. There are absolutely no short cuts. You have to be prepared to give it your life. And that's what I did.

PLAYBOY: Okay, so you became a painter, but how did the Ken Done industry start?

DONE: The first thing I did was the exhibition at Sydney's Holdsworth Gallery in 1980. I'd wanted to have this exhibition in a big, commercial gallery because I wanted to prove I could do it. Then about three months after that, I opened the Art Directors' Gallery in North Sydney. The idea was that I would show my work and other art directors' work. I saw a great bank of potential painters within those advertising areas . . . and still do.

Four months after the Holdsworth exhibition I had another exhibition in the Art Directors' Gallery. One of the drawings in that exhibition was a drawing of Sydney Harbor which I'd done for the cover of *Billy Blue* magazine. I did a simplified version of it and I had 12 T-shirts printed up with this drawing to give to the media to publicise the exhibition. Well, they liked it very much so I made a few more and in fact I hung one of them from a tree in Rowe Street with a sign saying Ken Done Sydney Harbor T-shirts $10. And it really just grew from that. Once the principle of drawing on something that people wore was established, I quickly flew around to every city in Australia and made a design for each of them. I went and knocked on doors of shops and said, "Excuse me, I'm Ken Done, I make drawings on T-shirts, would you like to have some, they're $10." A lot of people said yes and a lot said no. I did some very disciplined drawings of shells and I used my own money to have some posters made and I again walked into shops selling them for $10. And I learnt the hard reality of making and marketing a product. But that's all right. You have to do that. Then I bought a little business in The Rocks from a man who was consul to The Cameroons. And I turned it into the first Sydney Harbor shop in The Rocks. And the rest of it is fairly straightforward. The first T-shirts were printed by a girl in a terrace house in Kirribilli and she used to fix them with an iron in her kitchen. Well, that same girl now runs our printing department in the warehouse. There are four printers and 3000 square metres of space filled with more stuff that you can poke a stick at.

PLAYBOY: When did you realise that you were on to something that was potentially big?

DONE: I suppose as soon as people started copying it.

PLAYBOY: Was there a turning point at this time of your career?

DONE: It happened really quite swiftly. Once we had the shop down The Rocks and the people from *Vogue* started coming down regularly to buy T-shirts to send overseas, I realised we'd made something sophisticated enough and stylish enough to work and we were on the way.

PLAYBOY: Haven't there been several cases of people copying and ripping off your design style?

DONE: Yes, there have been a few rip-offs. It's not difficult to copy the basic T-shirt design. The more I simplify my work the easier it is to copy. I guess there is a fine line between people being influenced by your design and out-and-out plagiarism. We have found you can successfully take action on some people. The laws are better in America as far as copyright is concerned than they are here. It's bloody annoying. The only reason you put your name on everything is so people know it's yours. Look, if people buy crummy copies they're not the type of people I'd want wearing my stuff anyway. It's such a bloody snidy, sloppy, sneaky way to be in business — just to knock off somebody else's designs. I just try to move into things that are harder to copy. You can't copy sheets because you've got to have a big business to set it up. It's very hard to copy knitwear. It forces you to move on. I have two choices. I can either sue them or I can send my mother around to lean on them. Actually, my mother would probably be much more effective. And much cheaper!

PLAYBOY: It seems Ken Done has become a one-man industry — from drawing on a few T-shirts you've progressed into a huge business. How much money do you turn over in a year?

DONE: I'm not passionate about money but I don't like to give it away. My background in advertising has brought me a knowledge and respect for business. Whether it's a painting you sell to a single person for $25,000, or a T-shirt you sell for $20 with a market of 100,000 buyers, you have to approach both kinds of transactions in a business-like way. I guess in Australia the shops and the bits we directly control turn over about $4 million. Somebody has said that at any one point in time in Australia there's another six or seven million dollars' worth of stuff floating around with my name on it. But that's stuff under licence — sheets or scarves or watches or towels. The stuff that I design and someone else makes under licence, I only get a percentage of.

PLAYBOY: How about all the licensing deals you've got overseas?

DONE: I've always liked the principle that the person who creates the product deserves a small percentage of what somebody else makes out of the product rather than just giving it away for a set fee. And then there's the concept of reaching a wider audience — that's the art of our time. People like to maintain the notion of the starving artist in the garret; they're comfortable with that because they like the artist to be in a particular place. But the place of the artist is performing his particular function, using his skills, and if he does it well, then he should be able to expect a reward from it. So the artist has to become the businessman in some measure and the businessman has to understand the artist. My overseas involvement started in about 1982 when some American buyers came here from San Francisco, saw my work and wanted to show it in I. Magnin stores. It was suggested that a small Californian company and I should get together.

I got this call one day from America down at my studio on the beach, from Bart Jacobson, the head of B.J. Designs. And he says, "Can you do koalas?" So I sent him a few koala drawings and he was instantly back on the phone. "Amazing, they love 'em, they're ripping out of the store. Can

you do bunnies? Bunnies are very big in California.'' Well, I wasn't too enthusiastic about doing bunnies. But it was a job, so I sent him a few bunny drawings. He phoned back even more enthusiastic. This time he wanted me to do scotty dogs. I said, ''Mate, I don't do scotty dogs, I'm not even that crazy about scotty dogs. Blue cattle dogs, I do. Anyway, I said, look, if we're going to do business you'd better come out here and see what I like doing.'' So he jumped on a plane and came out here. We found we liked one another. He was a nice bloke. And I continued to do a series of designs for him. He was turning over about $10 million a year in his business. Small by US standards.

Well, about two years ago, he was bought out by a very large American corporation which has a network of production facilities, marketing expertise, shops. I went and met the president of this company. He's a nice bloke, too, with a company turning over $900 million. They've now opened the first Ken Done shop in Santa Monica, California. There's plans for a second one in Los Angeles. One has been opened in New York. Will there be five shops in five years, or 50 shops? The American market is so big. And it's responding to the things I did here two or three years ago.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think it has worked in the US and also in Japan?

DONE: I reckon in Australia we know as much about the casual lifestyle on the beach as the Californians and the people in the South of France, probably more than the Japanese, infinitely more than the English, and so in that understanding of what this kind of lifestyle is, I think we've got a lot to offer the world. That's why I'm pleased to be making these inroads into America and Japan. But realise they're not *my* shops. I only get a small percentage of everything they sell. There's a wonderful range of pure wool knitwear. I'm doing with a bloke in Melbourne called Rob Paynter. This is a great story. The knitwear hit the market and sold out immediately. Australian wool, my design, knitted in China. Rob tells me you can go to a village in China, and that village is all knitting Sydney Harbor Bridges. You can go down the road to another village and they're all knitting parrot fish.

Now Rob, as we speak, is on a plane going over to see Bart, because with a network set up over there we can print products coming out of Australia into that network. And also for Oroton who we do all the scarves for. You can now buy a Ken Done scarf on Qantas. And that's the way it should be, Australian products, whether it's a Jenny Kee scarf or Ken Done or whoever.

It took about four years to get it happening in America. I had to show them it was more than just Australiana. I did some designs of Hawaii for them. I wrote the word Hawaii in a way that gives you a feeling about the place. It's a graphic exercise. I ended up doing logos for about 100 American cities.

PLAYBOY: In Australia we see the Aussie iconography as central to your work. Do you need to broaden your design applications as you venture into other countries?

DONE: I think there is a kind of brightness and strength about Australian design which comes out of the light in this country, and out of the optimism, and that is something we've got to market. But it's not enough to be flavor of the month. You've got to sustain it over a series of years. Mass communication teaches us where we fit and makes us competitive. Australia won't go away as an interesting country to the rest of the world. There is fantastic potential here. We are in the happy position to be able to draw inspiration from the world at large.

PLAYBOY: Have you tried to do anything that embraces an Asian mentality or design elements?

DONE: No. What they respond to is the Ken Done designs. I've just done a skiing collection for Japan and it's skiing Down Under. It's really doing some drawings that reflect skiing in Australia.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you've created some sort of mission for yourself to bring art to the masses?

DONE: That's an awesome responsibility, and I don't want to take it on. I think it's happening anyway. I'm prepared to put my drawings and paintings on all kinds of things. Not cheap and nasty things, but I see no reason why you can't have a well-designed scarf for instance. It's a drawing to wear. I do say no to a terrific number of propositions. When I first started doing greeting cards, the biggest selling cards in Australia were cute cards. If you want some publisher to start publishing your cards you've got to do some cute ones. There's less risk for the publisher. Then you gradually introduce some art ones. With my recent calendars you'll find the same paintings that you'll see in my art book. We'll sell about 45,000 copies of a calendar so this is a way I show a very wide range of people the paintings and drawings that I do. I see no reason why, in time, more and more painters' and designers' work won't embrace that principle. And I'm not the first to do it by any means.

PLAYBOY: You make a lot of money and enjoy great acceptance by the public. But how are you received by other painters? Are some of them resentful of your success?

DONE: I've always been prepared to accept that. You have to when you're so much in the public eye. I knew, for instance, when I took on the Swan commercial for Alan Bond that it would change a lot of things. And a lot of ''pure artists'' would think it very crass that an artist should be advertising beer. But I disagree. I think it's a fantastic example of the position of the country at this point in time. If you can have an artist flogging beer, the next thing you'll have Wally Lewis [*captain of the Australian rugby league team*] flogging the Art Gallery. That's great!

I guess I'm at a slight distance from other artists. It's impossible to have a room full of artists. A room full of musicians, maybe. They can hum along together. But a room full of artists with their egos smashing into one another is very difficult.

There would be a few painters and gallery owners who would think it a bit crass to own your own gallery as I do with the Art Directors' Gallery but I compare it to, say, a chef opening a restaurant. I do occasionally show other people's work as well as my own. I really believe that some of the most influential talents in this part of the century will come from art direction and similar fields.

I don't spend any time sucking up to critics or being on the gallery circuit. I mean, bugger it. You either like my work or you don't. And people can't make it any better or any worse by what they say about it. That's why I've never had anybody open an exhibition of mine.

In Japan where I had my first exhibition last year they see no contradictions between paintings on canvas and drawings on T-shirts. In fact they rather embrace it, and one of their major critics wrote a wonderful piece about the exhibition. He said that when you first see Ken Done's painting you think you are seeing the light of the South of France. Then you think, no, maybe it's the light from America. It's then that you realise, even in the still lifes, it is the light from the south. It's a different kind of light from what we've seen before. And it shines through. And I think you could probably find that in lots of Australians' work. It's just there.

Painting is like a game of golf. You always think the next one is going to be fantastic. And the real pleasure comes from doing the work. I'm sure I could earn enough money to, well, buy Tasmania, but in the end, what would you do with it?

PLAYBOY: You're very democratic in the art you do, from what is essentially pure decoration to portraits accepted for the Archibald Prize. You're not precious about your stuff, are you?

DONE: I just think people can be so pretentious to imagine that art is only for art galleries. That's too boring for words. All I really ask when people look at my work is they understand what problem I'm solving. If it's a portrait for the Archibald Prize, then it's obviously a different kind of exercise from a T-shirt to wear on the beach. The advertising business really taught me to understand what problem I'm solving and to work within the disciplines of the day. That's the great thing about deadlines. I don't sit around waiting for bloody divine inspiration to come through the studio and hit me on the head. I work all the time because it's only out of the work that I think things happen. And it doesn't worry me that I set out to do things that are decorative as long as they're good. I know more than anybody when what I am doing is a piece of illustration, graphics, a design, a decora-

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tion or sometimes, hopefully, a piece of art.

And it doen't mean your work should be facile or badly designed or banal. I've always imagined that art is about reaching the widest possible groups of people. It's about communication. To suggest it's only good if you can't understand it seems to me to be utter nonsense.

PLAYBOY: Your work is very optimistic and cheerful.

DONE: Well, if you look at my book you'll see some of my paintings deal with very complex and difficult subjects, but I don't think people want to buy that on a regular basis. Nor do I think that art can have the role of changing social issues; in the age of TV and mass communications that is a myth. Matisse once said we ought to be artists of our time. And he's right. I only started using the word artist 18 months ago. I was very uncomfortable being called an artist. I waited until a lot of people called me that before I used it.

PLAYBOY: Is your art autobiographical?

DONE: I think everyone's is, and mine certainly is. It's very easy, I think, for people to see how I feel about things. Anybody who looks at the paintings should know something of the person. I think that's the same with all people's work. People find it hard to say what style my paintings are. Some say it's naive. Well, it's obviously not naive; that's just blatantly stupid. You can't paint in a naive way if you've had as much experience as I have or trained as much as I have. I can draw in a very classic way, as evidenced by my book. But sometimes I choose to paint some subjects with the kind of amazing, loving attention to detail that naive painters bring to their work. That's just like speaking in a certain tone of voice or in a descriptive way. But other times my painting might be executed much faster, much more impressionistic or expressionist in order for me to say this is essentially the feeling of the day. It's just that different jobs demand different solutions.

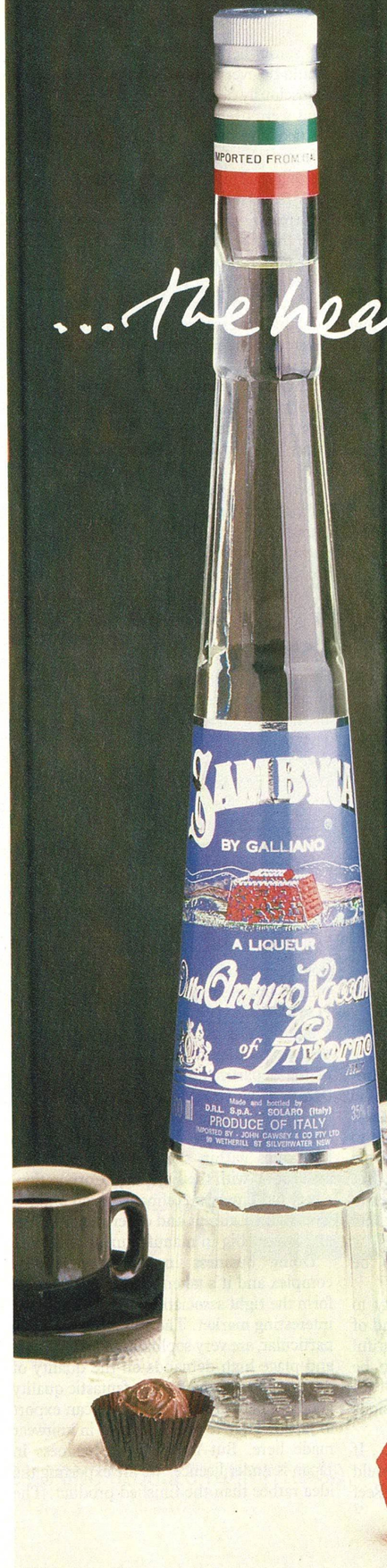
PLAYBOY: It's an attractive concept, art reflecting life and maybe enhancing it or giving it a slightly different perspective in order for our emotions to be expanded.

DONE: There's so much rubbish in the art world at the moment. It's like a real con by inferior artists and shonky gallery owners to put some kind of value on stuff that really doesn't deserve it. The market is manipulated.

The more widely circulated my work gets the less some people will want to have it. Wait! That is wrong. What is happening is there is a new group of people who understand that if I make a painting and from that painting there are maybe 50,000 prints, then 50,000 people can own a copy of the original. But only one person can own the original so I'm really committed to making the original really worth the maximum and I don't let them go lightly.

PLAYBOY: How much do you charge for a painting?

...the heat is on!



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DONE: Well, a big painting, say around 2m by 2.5m, would be $25-30,000. Whereas in my first exhibition in 1980, you could have bought a painting twice that big for $1500. So it's market forces, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the painting is actually worth that kind of money or do you say, well, if that's what people are prepared to pay for it these days, then that is what I'll sell it for?

DONE: I think it's a bit of both. But I'm committed to giving a kind of worth to the buyer. I especially feel good about people who bought the work when you could buy it for $25. But now people are understanding that if one is buying one of the originals which has been in the calendars, then it has an inherent worth because it is something that is widely reproduced.

PLAYBOY: It could be said your astonishing popularity and the market response to Ken Done is tantamount to a licence to print money.

DONE: That's not quite true. The way I feel about it is that it's a fantastic opportunity to be able to tackle more and more things. For instance, the shops are now open in Japan, I'm doing a range of glassware in Sweden. There are bigger and bigger opportunities and bigger and bigger challenges. That's what success leads to and there is more pressure, I think, to perform at that particular level. It's like a successful boxer — they bring you a tougher opponent.

I still reckon that within art there's this healthy way of bringing you down to earth all the time because, inevitably, it continues to show you how bad you are and how much more you have to learn. But a licence to print money? I don't think it's all that grand, although clearly there are whole areas of the world that we could get into. But to do that will take more people, more structure, and more management, and I'm not particularly interested in that.

PLAYBOY: What other directions are you moving in?

DONE: I think you'll find over the next couple of years I'll be doing more fashion. The garments will move slightly more upmarket into resort wear. There will still be a healthy component related to the tourist industry because people should be able to buy really well-designed and comparatively cheap things to take home as souvenirs. But the bulk of the time will be given over to paintings and drawing — probably less paintings but more expensive.

PLAYBOY: What would you like to be remembered for?

DONE: Oh, I don't know. The ability to show people the world through my kind of eyes and that there really are some beautiful things around. I suppose I'd like to be remembered as being a good painter.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any major passions or ambitions you are yet to achieve?

DONE: I'd like to meet Ray Charles . . . If the circumstances were right I think it would be fantastic to do a resort on the Barrier Reef or somewhere like that. A place where I could do everything. Not that I'd want it so consciously designed that you walked in and you were overwhelmed by the design, but to take a resort or an island and get all the pieces right. From the menu covers through to the color of the speed boats, through to the plates and the knives and what the waitresses wore and the paintings — things like that. Not an overwhelming symphony of Ken Done design but the opportunity to show a real good feeling about Australian design. There's no point in making a resort look like an ersatz copy of Waikiki or a fake Bermuda or even a plastic Polynesia. For instance, now we're starting to see some architecture that reflects the feeling of Australian farm-houses, using corrugated iron. We could find ourselves developing a kind of design that's reflective of the sophisticated end of the Australian market.

PLAYBOY: If you were asked to design a new Australian flag . . .

DONE: This one's come up before. I think it would be very tempting to have a flag that's based on the sun. I doubt very much if it would be green and gold, which I don't think are the correct colors for our flag. I can see all kinds of reasons for people's belief in keeping some kind of feelings about the past. I believe it is possible to find a design that both pays respect to the past and allows us the freedom and optimism of the future.

PLAYBOY: Would you like the opportunity to take it on?

DONE: There would be so much flak about it. I would need to become a benevolent dictator in that area. I'm a bit wary of design competitions. I wouldn't mind doing it if I didn't have to answer to anybody. That's why I quite like the business I'm in. You do have pretty much control over what you do; you don't have to ask anybody. That's why I'm a bit wary of the fashion business. I don't want to have to do anything because purple might be in this summer.

PLAYBOY: You've formed a relationship with a big clothing company in Japan and now they are putting in Ken Done shops in some of the department stores.

DONE: They've opened three and they've got plans for another five. I think calling them shops is a bit grand — they're boutiques within shops. We formed this association with the Fukusuke Corporation, a very old Japanese company which imports Yves Saint Laurent and other major names and is very big in manufacturing in Japan.

Doing business in this way is very complex and it's taken four or five years to form the right associations. Japan is a really interesting market. The young Japanese, in particular, are very sophisticated consumers and place high demands on the quality of design. The Japanese make fantastic quality goods. There are few things we can export to Japan. They're very interested in knitwear made here. But most of the business in Japan is under licence. We are exporting the idea rather than the finished product. The Japanese were the first group of people who responded to the original Ken Done merchandise in my first shop in Sydney. There have been write-ups in the Japanese press, TV coverage. My name is easy to pronounce for the Japanese. It actually means something like good person or good boy. I mean, it could be much worse, couldn't it?

I was always interested in Japanese design. I first went there in 1962 before the Olympic Games. I worked briefly with a group called the Tokyo Graphic Designers. Our future is absolutely bound up with the Japanese. We need to understand each other more and more. There is a hell of a lot the Japanese can teach us. And we can teach them things. We need continual exchange.

PLAYBOY: With all these world-wide involvements, a lot of your time must be taken up with negotiating deals, wheeling and dealing, travelling. Does the role of businessman get in the way of being an artist?

DONE: Well, I hope not. I've got 40 people working for me at the moment and I've really made a conscious decision that I don't want 80. I know everybody, I know their names. I used to have two other partners in the manufacturing side of the business. They held 49 percent but earlier this year I bought them out. So I now own and control every single thing I do. But as long as you work with big companies that are well organised, decisions really can be made very swiftly. I can tell someone very quickly if I want to do something with them or not. On licensing arrangements, once the basic deal has been written and signed, you have to trust that person in terms of the numbers they produce.

I'm not looking for any more licensing arrangements. I've structured it so I'm down here in the studio three days a week painting and drawing — doing the things I want to do. Yesterday, for instance, I did the four basic drawings for four prints. Now those prints from that basic thing will have a structure to multiply them. Some will go to Japan to be used on fabric, some are for America, while several individual pieces will be taken out to use here in Australia on various things.

PLAYBOY: When you make more money you should be able to enjoy the fruits of your labor. But if you're under more pressure to produce . . .

DONE: We live in the same house we've lived in for 17 years. I have a nice car. But I've always had a nice car. We've got two nice cars, in fact. I suppose the only difference money has brought is that I do spend more time down here painting and drawing. And I can call upon the services of specialists — accountants, lawyers, people like that — if I need them.

I have one good assistant who I've had all the time. I get travel in the front of planes and, er, I can buy big tubes of paint. The

(continued on page 82)

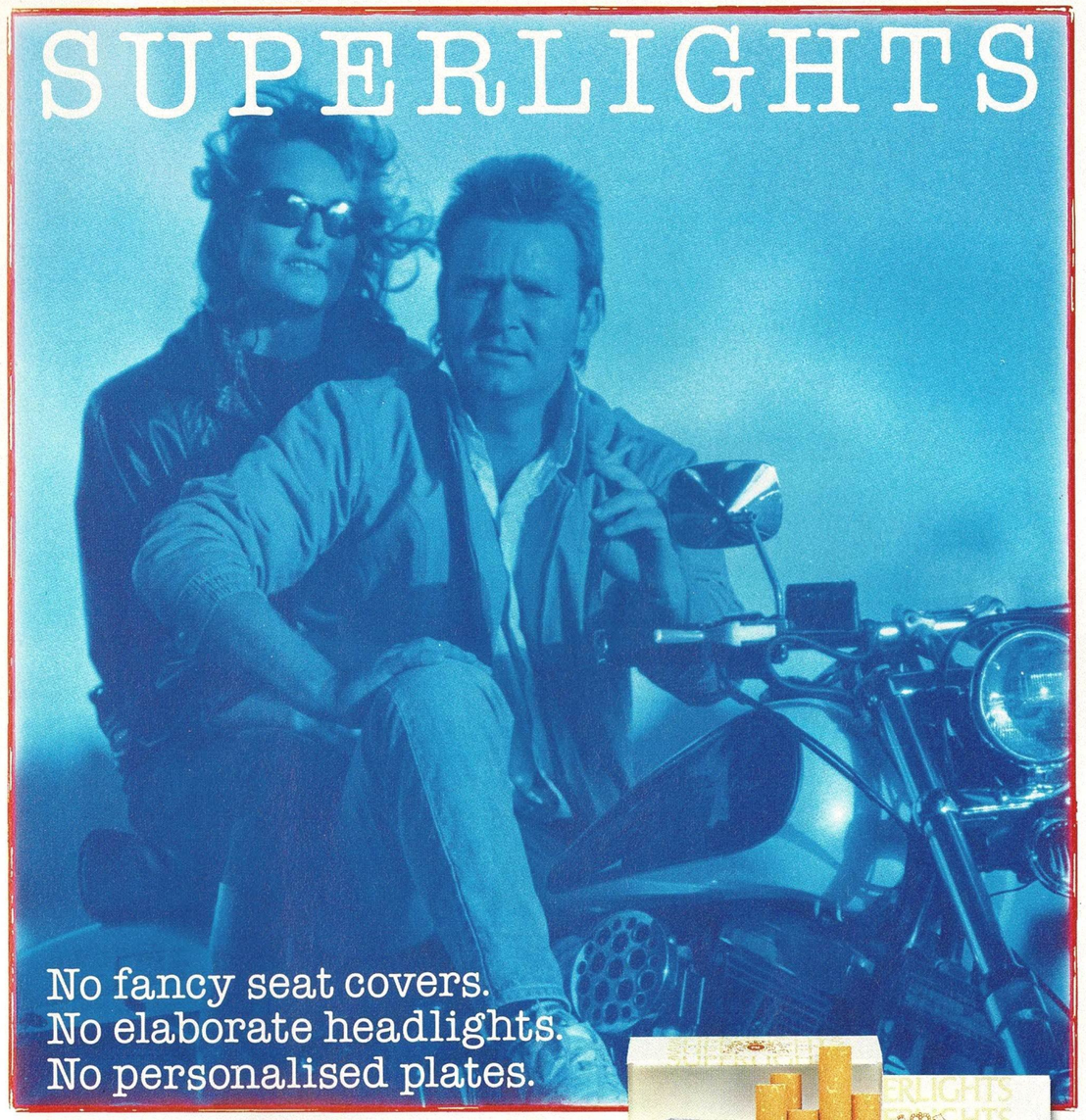

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ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

KOREA, INC.

Forget what you read in the headlines. This politically troubled industrial giant is poised to eat the rest of the world alive.

Article by **ROBERT KEARNEY**

DOWN THE BLOCK from Seoul City Hall, on the tower of the King Sejong Cultural Centre Annex, hangs a huge electronic signboard. Each morning these past months, over the scuttling commuters and shiny Hyundai cars and purple Daewoo buses, through the snow and frigid winds sweeping down from Manchuria, the sign was ticking off days to the 88th Olympiad: 619, 618 . . .

Korea is throwing itself a bash next northern summer. The hosts may be more inclined toward precision (616, 615) than exuberance, but make no mistake — the Koreans see the Olympics as an important party, a national debutante ball, a presentation to the world of the industrially mature Korea. The spotlight will be on the nation and its collection of multi-billion-dollar conglomerates, the top 10 of which account for a third of the country's GNP. Visitors will watch replays on Korean-made Samsung televisions, be ferried around Seoul in Hyundai taxis and call home on Lucky-Goldstar telephones. Most of the running shoes worn by athletes and spectators will have MADE IN KOREA sewn into them.

But who can really blame Korea's leaders for wanting to show off? In 30 years, they've transformed their country from a nation of bombed-out rice paddies to one of booming factories. Since 1960, per-capita income has soared from a pathetic $120 to more than $3000. The 1986 GNP growth was estimated at 12 percent, one of the most impressive economic performances last year.

Just as important — to the Koreans, anyway — they've

established themselves as genuine contenders against their historic arch-rivals in Tokyo: when the Japanese look over their shoulders these days, they see the Koreans bearing down on them. Fast.

While our athletes are winning medals for swimming or track and field, Korean workers will be taking home the real pocketable, spendable gold in the shipbuilding and electronics and economy sedan competitions. In those events — despite their small population, political insecurity, lack of resources and a dozen other hurdles — the Koreans have already shown themselves to be true contenders. If you're sceptical, consider that in 1986, when Korea started shipping inexpensive front-wheel drive Hyundai Excels to Australia, the sales quickly topped 1750, making it the most popular first-year foreign model in the history of our auto industry. As at June this year, it topped such established small-car favorites as Daihatsu, Honda, Subaru, Suzuki and Mazda, despite the fact that it has a deliberately small dealer network.

Other telling examples can be pulled from the shelves of your local computer store. Many of the high-end personal computer compatibles that are available under an assortment of names in your local store are Made-in-Koreas. Ditto for small appliances and audio and video tapes. Check the label inside the tongue of those trendy Reebok runners. Yep, MADE IN KOREA. Often, you'll find the Korean goods in discount stores, significantly underpricing their more established rivals, in much the same way the Japanese did in the early '60s. You remember the days when the words MADE IN JAPAN meant shoddy, tacky and, mostly, very, very inexpensive.

Today, of course, those words mean something entirely different.

●

Around business schools, people tell the story about a Korean executive who was complaining about his workers. "Those on the day shift," he said, "are so much more productive than those on the other shift."

"Two shifts!" his American friend yelped. "If you're worried about productivity, the first thing you should do is add a third shift, like we do in the US."

"How wonderful," the Korean replied, quizzically. "But doesn't that require a 36-hour day?"

At the heart of the Korean miracle are a group of multi-million-dollar corporations called the *chaebol* (literally, financial clans), and the success of these *chaebol* is based squarely on Korean laborers, the hardest-working men and women in the world.

Meet Chung Seong Yul: it's 4pm on a Saturday, in the Hyundai Motor Company assembly plant in Ulsan, a port town on Korea's south-east coast. Conditions are far from ideal. The plant is unheated despite the crisp Korean winter. The noise in the press shop, where doors and panels are punched out, is deafening and the men wear no ear protectors. But the plant is nevertheless efficient. Electronic signboards overhead track production against goals: 347, 348 ... Today, a new car is being minted every 57 seconds.

Chung is a trouble-shooter, chasing down a bad connection on a red Excel GL, one of 250,000 cars that Hyundai intends to export to the US this year. When he finishes work at 8pm, Chung — like all his fellow workers on the assembly line — will have logged 60 hours for the week, just as he had the week before and the week before that. He will earn $900 for the month, plus bonuses.

He's not eager to be interviewed. His job is to chase ghosts out of cars, not make small talk. Only at the urging of a company interpreter does he slide into the open, his screwdriver remaining poised in the air. Since his $900 a month is good money by Korean standards, I ask how he's spending it. He saves almost everything, he replies. Single and 29, he'll spend Saturday night in his dorm room — provided by the company, a five-minute walk from the plant. He'll read, then sleep. On Sunday, he'll visit his family, a short bus trip away. Come Monday at 8am, he'll be back under another Excel.

I tell him that by Australian standards, he works long hours. He shrugs. I ask him if he'd like more work. He shrugs again, then admits he gets tired on his current schedule. "But if the company needs me to work more hours," he says, "I'll work them." He nods impatiently toward the car, indicating that he has work to do, and crawls back under the bumper.

In short, Chung is the perfect employee: diligent, disciplined, dedicated to country, family and, of course, the Hyundai Motor Company. And he is hardly an isolated case. The average work week in Korea is more than 54 hours, and most work for less pay.

Some numbers must be crunched, others can be swallowed whole, but some can only be choked on. Korean auto workers like Chung average $2.73 an hour, as compared to $12.06 in Japan and a starting base of $7.12 in Australia. But the Koreans provide more than just bargain-basement muscle. Unlike their counterparts in

(continued on page 114)

HOW SEOUL SCORED THE OLYMPICS

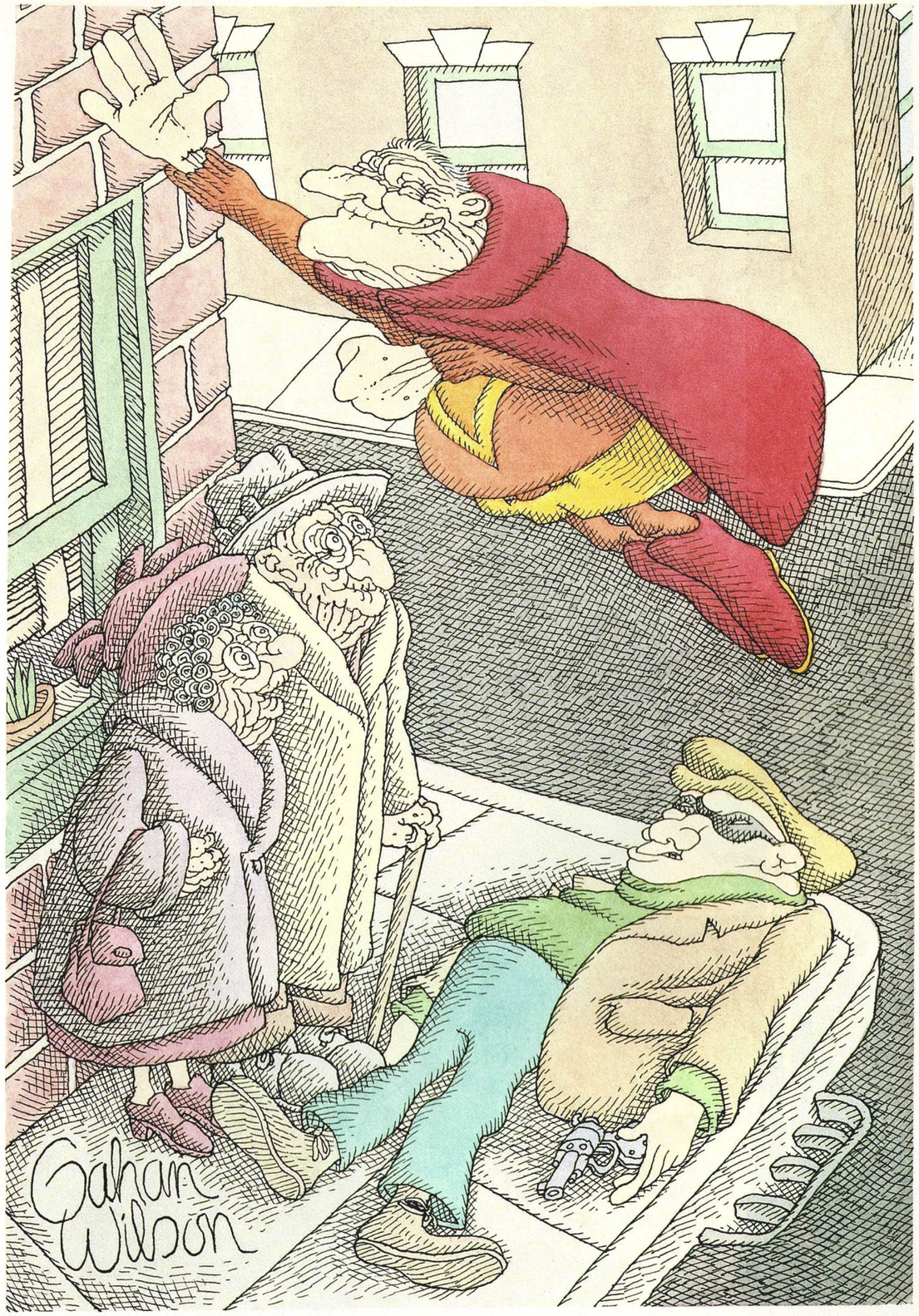
In 1981, to the amazement of the representatives of Nagoya (Japan), International Olympic Committee (IOC) sports director Walther Troger, and perhaps even the South Korean delegates themselves, the IOC awarded the 1988 Summer Olympics to the city of Seoul. At most, the 40 million citizens of South Korea had hoped to be respectable runners-up in order to establish their credentials for the 1986 Asian Games. But suddenly, by a resounding margin of 52 to 27 against Nagoya (the only other applicant), the capital of a Third World country had tossed in its lap next year's games, which are expected to cost it the equivalent of $A4.5 billion.

So how was it done? The bid was launched by the late dictator, President Park, in 1979, five weeks before the coup which cost him his life. It was an attempt to emulate the success of the Japanese in the 1964 Tokyo Olympics which served to signal Japan's emergence as a modern industrial power. Park's successor, Chun, took up the cause with equal enthusiasm, retaining Cho Sang Ho in his post as vice chairman of the National Olympic Committee. Cho is now secretary-general of the Seoul Olympic Organising Committee.

Cho approached the International Olympic Committee at Baden-Baden in 1981 with well-rehearsed arguments about how the Olympics would serve the cause of peace in a notoriously unstable region, and how South Korea's situation would provide a test case for the effectiveness of the games in this context. He also pointed out that Japan had already hosted a recent Summer Olympics.

Some more unkind observers have pointed out that a considerable amount of bribery took place in the form of first-class trips to Korea for IOC members, which included food, hotels and women. Others say this was on no larger a scale than usual and claim that a far more telling factor was the attitude of European manufacturers of shoes, timing and other athletic equipment, who could see Japanese manufacturers taking advantage of having the games on their soil and cornering the market. They thus mounted a concerted campaign in favor of Seoul which could well have influenced Third World and even East European votes.

Less biased observers consider the committee was swayed by the arrogance of the Nagoya group who took victory as a foregone conclusion, a protest by Nagoya environmentalists who threatened to disrupt the games, and a solid block of Third World votes which went to South Korea simply because it is still (for now) a Third World country. But for many the clincher was the superior presentation of Cho. When he let it be known that South Korea had a great many facilities either completed or close to completion, it was clear he'd won the day. The home of the Reebok can now look forward to an unexpected windfall and a stepped-up economy, thanks partly to European footwear manufacturers.

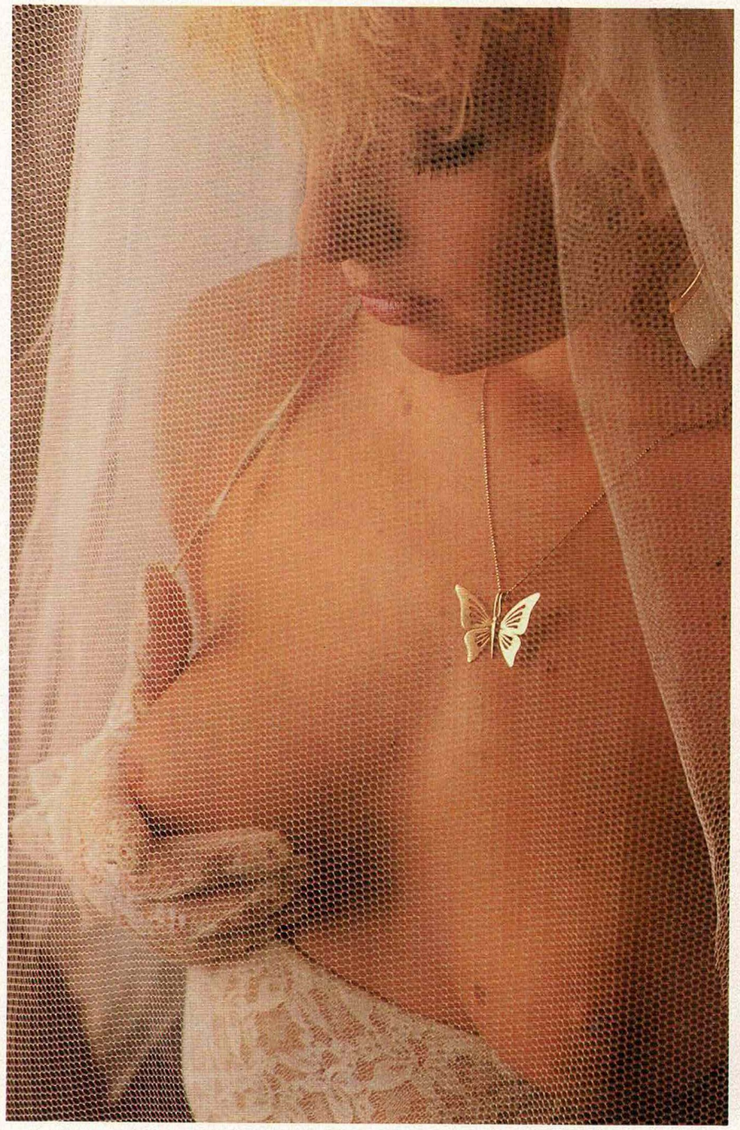


"Well, it certainly is nice to know someone's looking out for us old folks!"

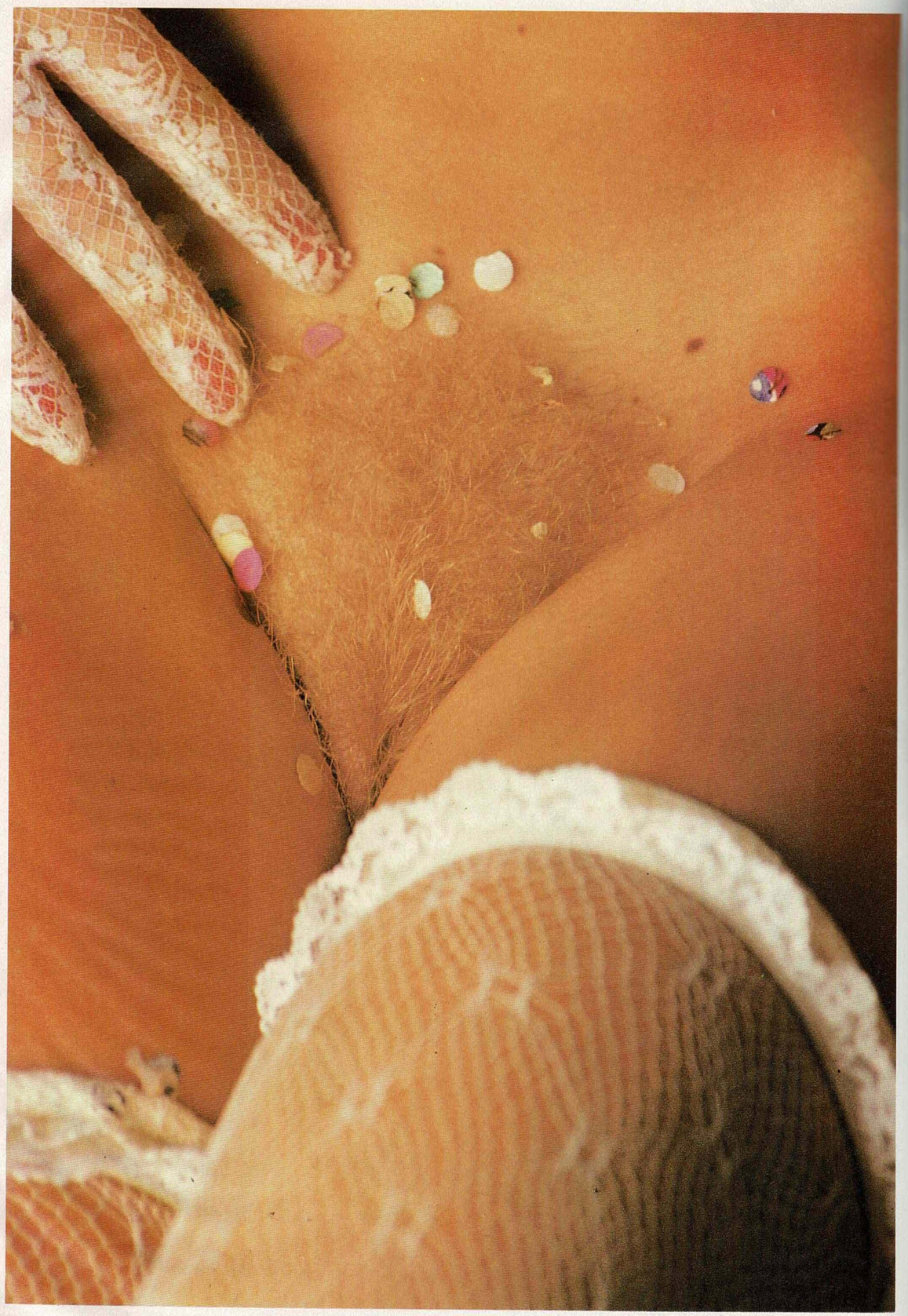
Here Comes The Bride

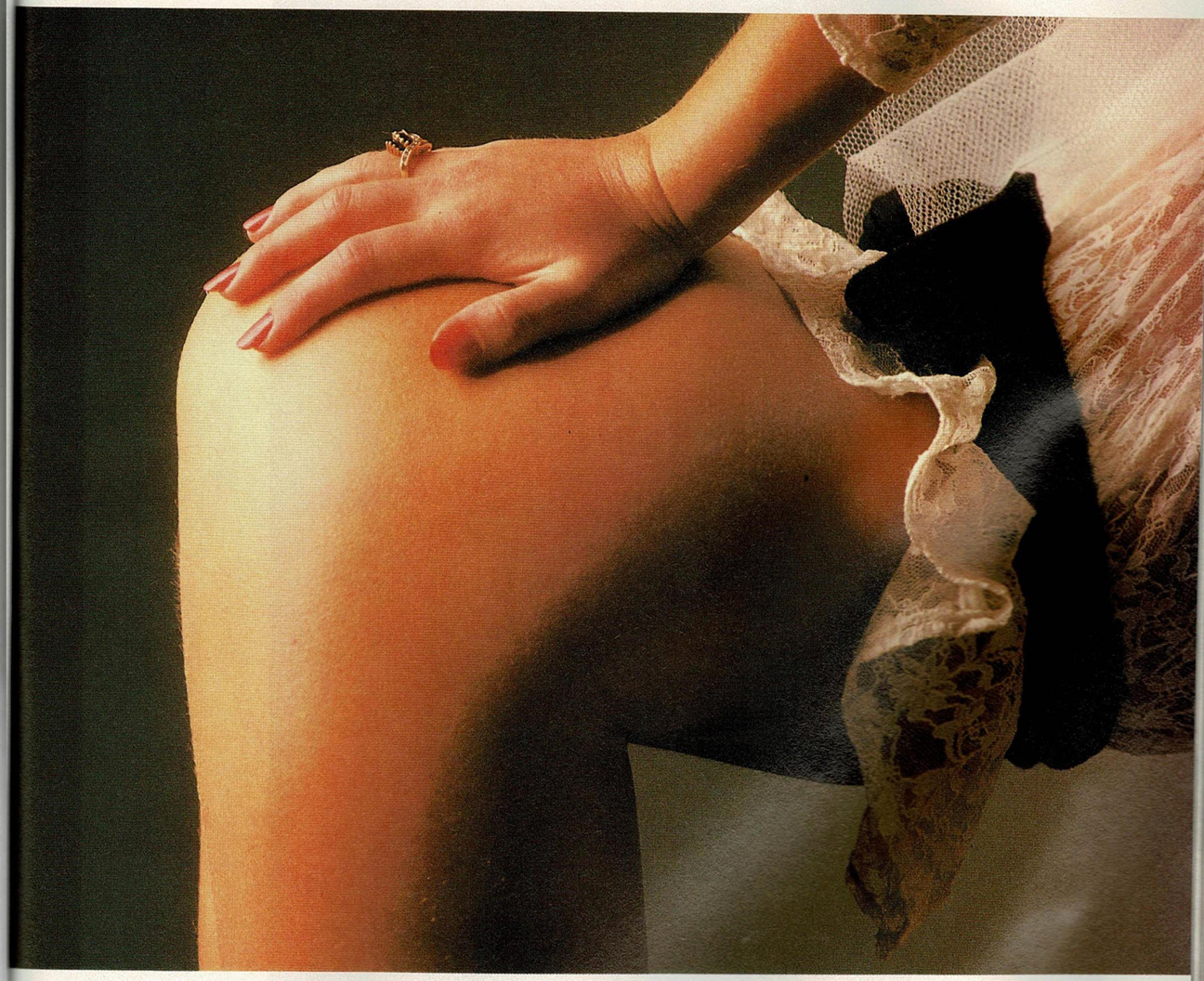
Brisbane's just-married Melanie Martin prepares for her wedding night.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL NOLAN

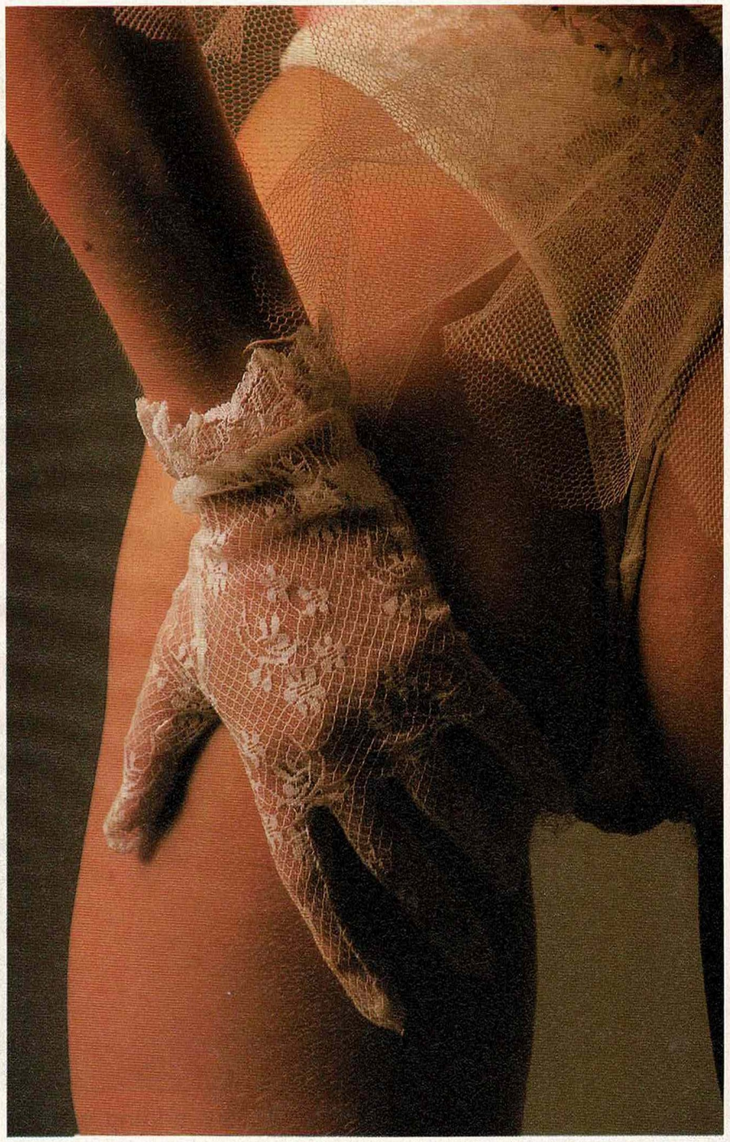


Beautiful Melanie Martin is a Brisbane model who's our idea of the perfect bride. She's young, radiant and eager to please the man of her dreams. ''This is the most exciting night of my life,'' says Melanie.





Every girl dreams of the romance of her wedding night.
A never-ending evening of languorous lovemaking
with the man she's just made her special partner for life.
A passionate prelude to a never-to-be-forgotten
honeymoon.



Melanie says it took weeks to decide on a final design for her wedding gown. ''I wanted to look my very best,'' she says. ''But now that the ceremony is over and the guests have all gone, I can't wait to undress and be alone with my new husband.''

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

The Bicentennial is just around the corner.
And Gino Pisani is painting the town.

Made in Australia

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR DONOVON circled the block one more time in the plain white police Commodore. The street looked safe enough, and so it should be at four in the afternoon early in the week.

He parked opposite the Diamond Bar And Nightclub and waited, checking the street in the

Fiction by **ROSS McCAULEY**

side mirrors of the police car.

A block away was tinsel, tarts and tourist traps. Here it was tree-lined and sunny, a surprisingly pleasant, almost quaint, setting for the heartland of Australian crime. Three and four-storey red-brick fronts, once town-houses for prosperous and respectable Sydneysiders, were now the home of everything illegal, or damn near illegal, or if it was not yet illegal it should be.

Donovon locked the car and crossed the street to the Diamond Club. Everything about him sagged: his shoulders, his suit, his soul. Once straight and vigorous, now he was 52 and worn out.

The man he was visiting did not sag. Definitely not. Gino Pisani bounced. Not soft and spongy like a beach ball, but like a ten-pin bowling ball — hard and shiny and dangerous at speed.

Earlier Gino had bounced up the stairs into his club, called his two sons into his office and explained his scheme.

"You're crazy," Mark said when he heard it.

"Green and gold?" Luke asked in amazement.

"What's wrong with green and gold?" Gino demanded.

"It's ugly."

"It's Australian," Gino said. "They are the colors of our country. Be proud of them."

The young men looked at each other. Of all the schemes their father had come up with over the years, this was definitely the dopiest. They noticed Gino wore a green and gold tie especially.

Gino's scheme was this. In one month's time it would be 1988 and Australia's 200th birthday. The country was about to indulge itself in a celebration of nationhood never seen before.

It was clean-up time. Everything wore a sign, "Another Bicentennial Project". Footpaths repaired. Highways completed. Colonial buildings scrubbed back to the sandstone. An orgy of opera, arts and theatre planned. Sporting events, media events and events that would probably turn out to be non-events were hatched across the nation. School children diligently drilled in 200 years of convicts, desert explorers, shell-shocked Anzacs, and the life stories of British kings and queens.

To the cynic, it could look like a time of political and commercial opportunism. To Gino, it was a time of straight-from-the-heart patriotism.

Many who flee their home country look back with exaggerated affection. Not Gino. To him Australia was genuinely the lucky country. *Advance Australia Fair* was written just for him. Today he could measure its promise in bank accounts and property. He introduced his sons with a slap on the shoulders as if they were cars on a showroom floor, exclaiming proudly, "Made in Australia! Made in Australia!"

In 1988, Gino planned to wear his heart on his sleeve. Everything he owned was to be painted green and gold. The bar and nightclub, and the illegal casino attached to it; the whorehouse next door; his two other illegal gambling clubs, one in Rushcutters Bay, the other in Elizabeth Bay; two rows of terraces in Darlinghurst; the block of shops in the western suburbs; and the car sales acre in Parramatta Road.

Even his girls would wear green and gold. Not a uniform, but working street clothes on what he described as "a green with a gold theme".

He had already commissioned new carpet for his clubs — green with a gold (yellow, really) outline of Australia patterned into it.

"It's not commercial," Mark said. "It'll cost us thousands and won't bring in an extra dollar."

"Probably drive away business in droves," Luke said.

But Gino reminded them what happened when he had adopted red, white and blue in those years when Americans from Vietnam were thick on the streets of Sydney.

Everything he owned was to be painted green and gold. Even his girls would wear green and gold. Not a uniform, but working street clothes.

That piece of patriotic merchandising had made him, his clubs and his girls famous.

"That war made me a rich man," he said. "I was disappointed when it finished."

His sons' complaints were interrupted by Willie — waiter, roulette table operator, and bouncer on quiet nights. He was not much good at any of them but he was favored by Gino because Gino had known his father and Gino was a sentimental man.

Willie knew everybody and everything about everybody. He made it his business to. "Mr Donovon here to see you, Gino," he said.

The police and the politicians, the respectable and the ratbags were all regulars at Gino's. From most he took money. But to stay in business, to some he gave money.

Gino was curious. This was the first time in five or six years that the ever-cautious Donovon had visited the Diamond unannounced.

"Don, my friend, so good to see you. Come to the bar," Gino held Donovon in a strong handshake. With his other hand he reached up to put an arm around the tall policeman's shoulders. At only 1.6m he just managed it.

"My friend will have a Black Douglas," Gino called to Louise who had moved behind the bar.

Louise was new but Gino liked her already. Not noisy like a lot of girls who work in clubs. She had been hired for the casino but she was always willing to work behind the bar or in the office. She was already in the habit of arriving early and leaving late.

"Milk," Donovon countered. "My stomach."

"What is happening?" Gino asked shrewdly.

"It's clean-up time. With this bloody Bicentennial thing the politicians reckon we've got to clean up this bloody city for all the bloody tourists that'll be coming to our bloody opera house and yacht races."

"Good thing, Don. A great year for us Aussies. I have been telling my boys. . . ."

"Good thing, my arse. There's to be a big crackdown on drugs, clubs, hookers, gambling. Two more hit squads. Twenty more cops undercover in the Cross alone."

"That is crazy," Gino said. "That will drive the business into the suburbs. No good for wives and kids. Keep it in the city where it belongs."

Donovon laughed for the first time in months.

"Hell, Gino, you make it sound as if your girls and gambling deserve the bloody good housekeeping seal of approval for looking after wives and kids."

"You and I both know that if it is run right no one gets hurt by it."

"Well, you start worrying about yourself, Gino, or it could be you and me getting bloody hurt."

"I don't have to worry. I have seen lots of crackdowns. Besides, I have you."

"That could be a problem," Donovon hesitated. "I'm not really in the know with this new bunch. Bloody politics, Gino. They're sort of out of my jurisdiction, I guess you could say. Of course, if I hear anything I'll tell you."

Donovon finished his milk. Louise, who was tidying up behind the bar, took his glass.

"God, that was bloody awful," he said. "Another thing, Gino, I've changed the bank account. Here's the new number."

Gino took the scrap of paper Donovon slipped across the bar and saw him to the door.

"Is he on our side?" Mark asked afterwards.

"Sure, sure. But he doesn't seem to know as much as he used to," Gino said thoughtfully.

"Why pay him, then?"

"He is a friend, Mark. You listen to me. Only three things count in the end. Your friends, your family and your country. That reminds me, why haven't you and Emily been to see Momma lately?"

"We've been busy, Pop."

"Sure, sure. Busy, busy. How about getting busy with this place? Green and gold by the end of the month. Made in Australia, eh?"

(continued on page 109)

"Hold on, I think there's something here about the art gallery appointing some new whiz-kid curator."

Automotive rollerball has arrived at Melbourne's Calder Park Raceway.

ROLL ON THUNDERDOME!

Motoring by **ROB LUCK**

WE DON'T NEED another hero, sings Tina Turner in the third Mad Max epic, *Beyond Thunderdome*. Oh, but we do. Or at least Bob Jane of T-Marts tyre fame thinks we do. The boisterous, blustering Melbourne automotive entrepreneur and (only slightly) reluctant millionaire

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEN LAMB

(billionaire?) has started his own Thunderdome which brings with it a virtual epidemic of heroes.

Mad Max's Thunderdome was a kind of futuristic chamber of horrors. Bob Jane's Thunderdome is almost a present-day variation of the theme. It is located at Melbourne's Calder Park Raceway, a place frequently described by drivers and race-fans alike as the arsehole of the earth. This desolate place boasts more horizontal rain and more bone-chilling wind than any other race-day venue you may care to name.

So it's in this appropriate location that Bob Jane has erected his own, personal epicentre of hell, the Calder Park motor-racing Thunderdome.

The essential rules of the game are not so different from the celebrated celluloid version:

- The combatants are rendered virtually equal. The artefacts of battle fit a control formula. In this case it is National Association For Stock Car Auto Racing Machines. NASCAR. The cars are built to a rigid formula, and so's the equipment (even the same tyres are issued to all competitors after careful evaluation by an arbitrator).
- The contest is head to head. Man to man.
- Violent physical contact is part of the deal.
- The contest is reserved for master practitioners of the art. This is no place for wimps or beginners.
- The contest is conducted in a closed stadium. A huge bowl, in fact. A live audience watches every move. They are disappointed if the contact is not violent. Their favorite substance, after the blue-tinned amber liquid they consume, is blood.
- Once the contest has started, the doors of the stadium are slammed shut. What follows is a take-no-prisoners contest. There can be no withdrawals, no cop-outs. There is only victory and (usually violent) defeat.

And there are the heroes. Dozens of them, with racy names aboard racy machinery . . . Buddy Baker (Crisco Oldsmobile), Dale Earnhardt (Wrangler Chevvy), Harry Gant (Skole Bandit Chev) and Ron Bouchard (Bull's Eye Chev).

NASCAR racing has arrived in Australia, believe it or not. Hey, you had *better* believe it. It's here with more American razzmatazz than Roller Derby and World Championship Wrestling put together.

To bring it to Australia, Bob Jane has worked a kind of entrepreneurial sports promotion miracle. He has persuaded whole governments — civilisations even — to back his idea (assuming you consider the USA a civilisation). He has manoeuvred councils, banks, multi-national corporations, individuals of influence, sporting organisations, police and residents to realise a 20-year dream to bring oval-track, bitumen-burning racing Down Under.

He has moved mountains. Literally. In fact 50 million tonnes of mountain. That's how much earth it took to form the huge 24-degree banked curves, the sweeping cambered straights, the massive 100,000 capacity grandstands and viewing mounds that make up Thunderdome.

It's hard to get the full perspective on the size of the place from mere statistical descriptions. For example, it doesn't help to know that earth movers trucked in 30,000 cubic metres of dirt fill every month for almost two years to build the thing.

It's easier to grasp that the walls of the banking are about the height of a 12-storey building on the outside, and the length and breadth of the infield are far greater than two VFL parks or two Sydney Cricket Grounds.

Easier, sure. But the only way you can *really* get a handle on the enormity of this project is to go there. We did, courtesy of a Bob Jane launch and press day. The import of the day wasn't lost on Big Bob. No, sir. He flew us in first class, then whisked us from Tullamarine touchdown to Thunderdome infield by personal chopper. Apart from the obvious status of arriving in an egg-beater, it provided an excellent view.

The size of the place is staggering. The bowl itself appears much larger than its statistical 1.8 km would suggest, but there is enormous surrounding development, apparently to accommodate Bob Jane's total vision of the greatest outdoor entertainment facility on earth. It's a heavy claim, but Bob Jane is not to be trifled with. Just look at what he has achieved so far, despite not a little scepticism from observers.

And look at what he has planned for Thunderdome. It will apparently incorporate a speedway club, motoring hall of fame, cinema, multiple sporting complex, shopping centre, restaurant, convention centre and so on.

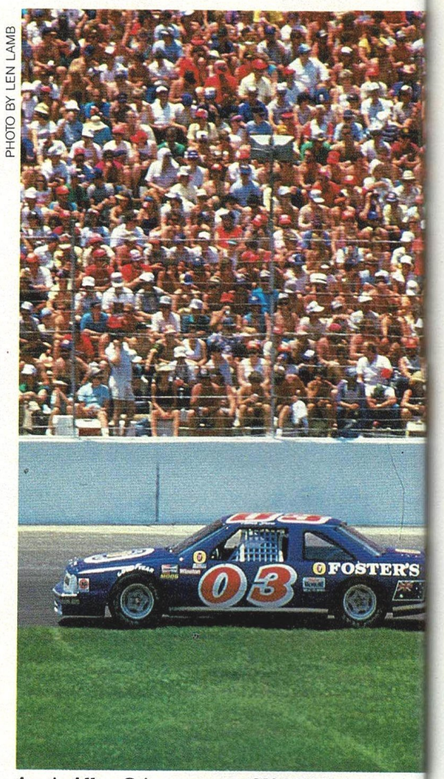
Stage One (the main circuit upgrade and construction of the NASCAR bowl) and Stage Two (40,000 grandstand seats, infield timing tower, media centre, restaurant, shops and regional development) are almost complete. The bill? A cool $20,000,000.

As much as another $30,000,000 will be sunk into this less-than-prime chunk of Keilor real estate before the project is completed. Apart from hosting the world's greatest sporting events in the future (already NASCAR, World Touring Car Championship, International Truck Grand Prix, and World Sports Car Championships arranged), it will hopefully play home to various Expos and, according to Jane, a truly world class motor show in the near future.

Where is the money coming from? Jane has had plenty of help and gave away some clues at the launch. "Like to thank Westpac, I don't know if they really know what they're doing," he said. Someone reckoned that about four years ago, Westpac sent a telegram to Jane simply saying STOP! He filed it . . . under G for garbage.

"Keilor Council is a really progressive council. Former mayor was a T-Mart owner for 15 years, but no worries, that was all straight," said Jane. "Someone asked me

PHOTO BY LEN LAMB



Aussie Allan Grice contests a NASCAR race at Charlotte Super Speedway, USA.

before the launch . . . I gotta tell you there's no Marcos money in here."

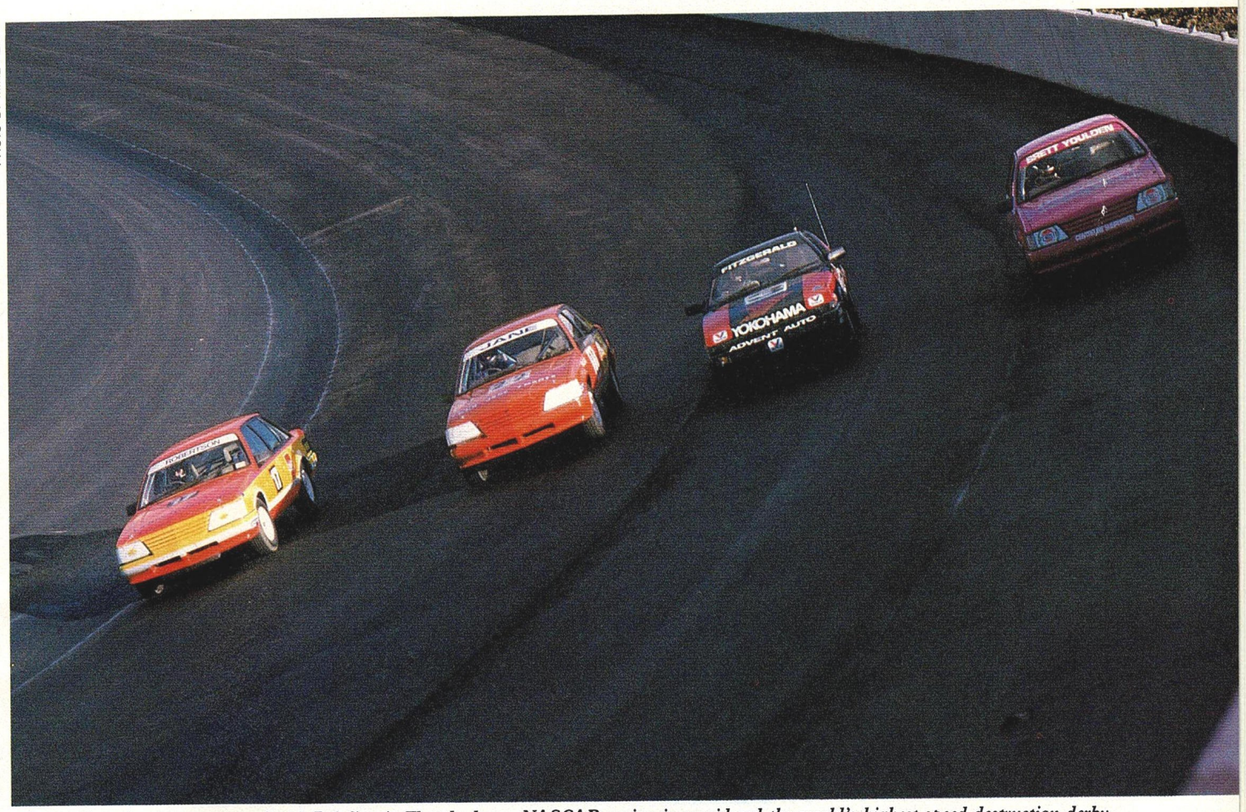
But why spend 20 million bucks on what Bob Jane admits is a "monument to speed"? Motor racing these days looks too safe. NASCAR racing is the opposite. In NASCAR it's not a question of *if* you are going to have an accident, but *when* you are going to have an accident. In fact the cars are built to have and survive accidents; it's part of the whole deal.

Let's face it, a NASCAR racer is basically a 600hp roll-cage looking for somewhere to have an accident. Jane figures that's what race fans will come for. In their thousands. More than for any other form of motor racing so far. And he's got figures to back it.

NASCAR is arguably the biggest single sporting series in terms of spectator seats in the world. Apart from Jane's Thunderdome every circuit is in the US. There are 83 of them, staging up to 1000 events per year, attracting more than 10 million race fans. A typical circuit audience is 100,000 plus, and figures in excess of 200,000 are common.

More than 10 million Americans watch *every* race live on TV. Of all fans, around 59 percent are male, 41 percent female. They have demographic breakdowns — the average Yankee NASCAR fan has two-and-a-bit kids, income of at least $27,000 per annum, blue-collar job, etc. These are the demographics of probably the most blood-thirsty spectator sport in motor history.

PHOTO BY MIKE PERRY



Group E production cars practise at Bob Jane's Thunderdome. NASCAR racing is considered the world's highest speed destruction derby.

American NASCAR analysts can give you mind-boggling detailed data on NASCAR racing but it appears that there is, on average, at least one major shunt per event, many incidents, and sometimes four or five race stoppages per event. Lead changes of 30 times per event are common. In 200 laps of Daytona's 1987 500-mile classic, the lead swapped 28 times.

Basically, NASCAR is automotive roller-ball. The general thrust of the rules is dog-eat-dog, anything goes, and make your own arrangements later in the pits. What has developed from this is a kind of on-track unwritten rule standard based on mutual survival.

Says NASCAR's number one good ole boy, Richard Petty, "If two cars hit a piece of track side by side, there has to be a bit of give and take, otherwise there will be a crash."

What Petty means is that in a crash, there are no winners, only losers. What we are talking about here is the world's highest speed destruction derby. But despite the action, drama, terror and crashes, there are few injuries or deaths. A spectator sitting in the top row of the grandstand was recently nailed by a high-flying wheel in a Talledega accident, and there have been some close shaves with cars trying to climb through safety fences.

But basically the NASCAR-formula car construction incorporating advanced safety design and massive roll-cage takes care of the nasty end of this grisly, high-speed smash-and-bash derby. High concrete walls and debris catch-fences take care of the wayward machinery and ensure the track destruction doesn't cross over into the spectator areas.

And what about the speeds!

More than 320km/h averages are common. Top speeds on the straight where the cars draft each other while making actual body contact can exceed the 400km/h mark. And so it goes . . .

You might imagine local racers would find this daunting. You'd be wrong. At press launch/public opening, there was a fair smattering of local small-oval track experts down for the day to assess the cars, the track, the odds. Although their stock-in-trade is short-course bitumen and clay flat-bowls, they were keen and ready to get aboard some test machinery for sample laps. George Tatnell, a veteran of this business, came back from a ride in the death seat alongside Richard Petty and insisted it was easier than Liverpool Speedway. Gary Rush, who already has his name on a Jane-built NASCAR stocker, was enthusiastic about the local speed-bowlers and their chances on the new big Yankee oval.

Of course, actual race days could provide different reactions and different results, particularly if the promised field of hot-shot Yanks materialises. These boys live and breathe in the NASCAR fastlane around 29 continuous weeks of the year. They know how to handle every inch of every track by bitter experience. They know all about drafting and dodging and undercutting and dropping low under the enemy.

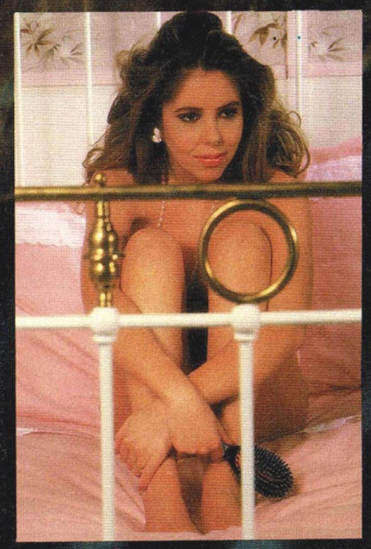
As Petty's laid-back wife, Linda, put it in her North Carolina drawl when asked how much practice hubby would need to get sorted on the circuit, "Richard doesn't practise. Richard just races . . . "

Locals would do well to remember that Richard mainly "just wins" as well. Just 20 years into the game, Petty is the biggest-winning driver in the biz. And anyway, he has done his practice already — around 310 laps of tyre-sorting which he put in at Thunderdome to sift through 13 different Goodyear Eagle compounds to find the rubber that will form the "control tyre" for the Aussie track.

Petty reckons Aussie racegoers ought to be seeing the big stockers come by about every 26 or 27 seconds, which is a helluva lot of value packed into an hour or two of NASCAR event. Petty got down to 28-second laps pretty quickly on a dirty track without all the hardware in place and a green bitumen surface. At that pace, he was, he says, "chuggin' along pretty good."

That is a classic example of a Petty understatement: a 28-second lap translates to around 248km/h. Average. That means the car is doing well over 230mph on the straight bits. That's around 360 klicks in our local speeds!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. DE KONING



PICTURE PERFECT

Our Miss December's favorite position is right in front of the camera.

In her teen years, lovely Susanne Koyen was a cheerleader for her town's football team. Following this high-stepping period, she began a career as a very successful photographic model. "I enjoy modelling," she says. "I like the idea of people looking at me, especially men. I always feel good in the summer when I've got a nice tan. When I go to the beach, I get out of the water very slowly. I can feel all the guys watching the tiny drops of water dribble down my oiled body. It's a wonderful feeling." Phew, Susanne!

Susanne is outspoken about sex. "Sex is very important," she says. "I like afterplay. When I relax after lovemaking, I want the man I'm with to respond to my feelings. I love talking in bed and feeling emotionally as well as physically close to someone." At other times, Susanne doesn't mind being alone. "I like to work out at the gym and play sport by myself. I'm not one for teams. I like pushing myself to the limit rather than competing against other people."

MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Susanne Koyen

BUST: 85cm (33") WAIST: 58cm (23") HIPS: 85cm (33")

HEIGHT: 173cm WEIGHT: 50kg

BIRTH DATE: 4-9-63 SIGN: Virgo

AMBITIONS: To travel the world, star in a major film, and to own my own perfume shop!

TURN-ONS: Success, hot summer days, people who smile a lot, chocolate sundaes.

TURN-OFFS: Failure, pessimistic people, rainy days, horror movies.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Everything by Sidney Sheldon and Harold Robbins. "Gone With The Wind", of course.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Bon Jovi, John Farnham, Jack Nicholson and Shirley MacLaine.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Swimming, working out at gym class.

IDEAL MAN: A blondish, suntanned man who likes the beach and is faithful to me.

SECRET FANTASY: Gee, I don't know. To be behind Jon Bon Jovi on a motorbike, maybe!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An Australian businessman in London was given special visitor's privileges at an exclusive men's club. Striding in one afternoon, the Aussie approached the only other man in the lounge and tried to strike up a conversation.

"Can I buy you a beer, mate?" he said.

"No, thank you," the Englishman replied. "I tried an ale once and found drinking doesn't agree with me."

"Would you like a cigar? Just bought myself a packet," the Aussie persisted.

"No, thank you. I tried smoking once and found it doesn't agree with me."

"Well, how about a game of billiards?"

"Sorry, I tried it once and couldn't get the hang of it."

As the visitor started to turned away, the Englishman said, "But my son will be here shortly and I'm sure he'd enjoy a game with you."

"Your son?" queried the Aussie. "An only child, I bet."

Driving home from work, Colin came upon a horrible wreck in which one car looked exactly like his neighbor's. Stopping on the side of the road, he hurried toward the smouldering debris.

"Sorry, mate," a policeman said, holding him back, "you can't come any closer."

"But that may be my neighbor, Harry, in there," the anguished man explained.

"Okay, but it's pretty grisly," the cop cautioned. "There was a decapitation."

The policeman reached into the back seat of one of the demolished cars and pulled out a head, holding it at arm's length.

"Thank heavens, that's not him!" Colin exclaimed. "Harry's much taller."

What do you have when you've got six politicians buried up to their necks in sand?

Not enough sand!

You're looking rather pleased with yourself," said the barman to one of his regular customers.

"You bet," replied the half-sloshed man. "Matter of fact I've just joined the district prostitutes' club."

"There's no prostitutes' club around here, mate," the barman replied.

"Yesh, there bloody well is," slurred the drunk. "Look, here's my membership card."

"This card is for a parachute club," said the barman.

"Christ," muttered the drunk. "I've put myself down for 10 jumps!"

Two friends met by chance on the street after many years.

"So, Jessie, how are things going?" Joan asked.

"I'm ashamed to tell you that at the age of 65, I'm having an affair," her wealthy, well-dressed friend replied.

"Really?" exclaimed Joan. "So who's the caterer?"

We've heard that IBM has come out with a new Presidential Selectric typewriter. The model has no memory and no colon.

What's the worst thing about being an atheist?

There's no one to talk to when you're having an orgasm.

On the night before her family moved from Brisbane to California, the little girl knelt by her bed and said her prayers.

"God bless Mummy and Daddy and my little brother," she said.

As she began to get up, she quickly added, "Oh, and God, this is goodbye. We're moving to Hollywood."

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Freeze! Now drop every damn bit of my perfume, aftershave, gels and skin conditioners."

THE JESSICA HAHN STORY

The woman at the centre of the Jim Bakker scandal exposes TV's Bible-bashers.

OVER THE PAST few months you've no doubt noticed newspaper headlines trumpeting AMERICA'S HOLY WAR, HEAVEN CAN WAIT, BAKKER'S PARADISE LOST, PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE CREDIT CARDS and a host of other sensational references to the fall from grace of Reverend Jim Bakker, the founder of America's multi-million-dollar Praise The Lord (PTL) television ministry.

At the core of Bakker's well-publicised demise we have Miss Jessica Hahn, the 28-year-old former church secretary who had a sexual involvement with Bakker seven years ago and was subsequently paid substantial hush money. When Hahn's story finally broke to the press, a rival preacher, Rev John Ankerberg of Chattanooga, Tennessee, came forward to allege that Bakker had been involved with homosexuals and prostitutes, and that there had been wife-swapping and diversion of funds from the ministry. Bakker denied all allegations of homosexuality and wife-swapping, and the new PTL board is investigating the charges of sexual misconduct.

The defrocked Bakker fled to his luxurious $A900,000 hideaway in Palm Springs and, with his bouncy wife Tammy Faye (owner of 14 mink coats and an air-conditioned doggie house) standing stoically by his side, tearfully announced to the world that he'd been betrayed and "wickedly manipulated by treacherous former friends". Tammy Faye then enrolled at the Betty Ford Drug Rehabilitation Centre to wean herself off prescription drugs, and the leader of the fire-and-brimstone Moral Majority conservative activist group, Rev Jerry Falwell, took over the administration of the PTL.

Falwell later held a two-hour news conference at Heritage USA, the PTL's Christian resort and theme park (and third biggest park attraction in the US, after Disney World and Disneyland) in South Carolina, and claimed Bakker had lied to him about a sexual encounter with Jessica Hahn, about having homosexual problems dating back to 1956 and about raiding ministry coffers before abruptly resigning as PTL chairman. The US Justice Department has since opened a preliminary enquiry into reports that Bakker and Tammy Faye were involved in financial wrongdoing at PTL. The PTL is reputedly some $A75 million in debt. "It would be a disservice to God and to the Church at large to allow Bakker to ever return," Falwell announced to the press. "I don't see any repentance. I see the greed, the self-centredness and the avarice that brought them [*the Bakkers*] down."

Meanwhile, the exiled Bakker claims Falwell wangled the takeover of PTL by suggesting that another TV evangelist, Pentecostalist hell-raiser Jimmy Swaggart (the man who disclosed Bakker's adultery), was scheming to take control. Bakker did, however, admit to a 15-minute "tryst" with Jessica Hahn in 1980 and to payment of money to prevent a public disclosure of the sexual encounter. He has said he feels God has forgiven him for his transgressions.

But where did it all start? To fully answer that we have to go back to the late '70s and a demure young woman named Jessica Hahn who worked as a secretary for the Charismatic Pentecostal Church. The media have reported Hahn's involvement in the Bakker scandal with varying degrees of accuracy and sensationalism. She has been labelled a temptress, a weirdo, a spineless pawn and a slut. In July this year, Jessica decided it was time to tell the whole story. In a series of informal interview sessions with Robert Scheer of *The New York Times* and *Playboy* executive editor Barry Golson, she unfolded all the facts about her involvement with Bakker and the PTL ministry.

Jessica kicked off the interview sessions by defending herself against press allegations that she had an "affair" with Jim Bakker and a second TV evangelist. "This had been a game to them," says Jessica. "It has been politics to Falwell. The news stories for half a year have said 'affair'. It was *not* an affair. I did not enjoy it. I hated it. If it were just sleeping with somebody — no big deal. There was politics involved. People forget, with the money scandals, *why* Bakker became newsworthy in the first place. What happened to me was *not* something I wanted or asked for. It was not an affair, and it sure wasn't love . . . "

So what did happen? Let's go back to 1974 when 14-year-old Jessica Hahn first walked into a Charismatic Pentecostal church in her home-town of Massapequa, Long Island. The young girl's life changed from that day.

" I felt that it [*the Church*] had everything I wanted," Jessica says. "I instantly felt complete. I felt I belonged. I felt as if that was going to be my second family, and I thought, this must be what falling in love is like. You know, when you're 14, those preachers are what rock stars are to 16-year-olds."

Jessica became involved in church life by taking on small jobs that made her feel part of the religious family. The Church became Jessica's whole life. She didn't date boys, she spent her time reading the Bible, attending church and choir practice, and watching TV evangelists such as PTL's Jim Bakker.

In 1980, Jessica says she received a call from a TV evangelist who invited her to join him in Florida where he was doing a money-raising telethon. He wanted her to meet Jim Bakker. "Well, that was the greatest thing in the world to me," says Jessica. "I watched the Bakkers [*on TV*] constantly. . . I liked what he was doing. I admired it. . . It was almost like an answer to a prayer. . . "

According to Jessica, the TV evangelist made all the arrangements for her trip to Florida and he was waiting at Tampa Airport for her. On the car trip to the hotel, Jessica recalls that "things started to sound weird". He told her Bakker was having problems with taxes and the diversion of funds.

"I was starting to feel uneasy . . . " continues Jessica. Once at the hotel, the evangelist took Jessica to her room. "He said, 'Come here.' That's when things started; he was getting too relaxed. Some-

"He was talking off the wall, saying, 'When you help the shepherd, you're helping the sheep.' Crazy stuff."

"Bakker says, 'You won't hurt me, like the others. You're here to help me.' "

"You know, when you're 14, these preachers are like rock stars."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID SMALL

thing was funny . . . ''

Jessica alleges that sex took place with both men on that day in the Florida hotel room. Here is her account of what happened. ''Jim Bakker walks in with sand all over him. Barefoot. In his bathing suit . . . We sat down . . . The other man was sitting there saying, 'I've known this girl for seven years . . . ' He's giving Bakker this background. But by this time, I'm feeling sick . . . ''

Jessica claims she had earlier been given a glass of wine. After drinking she began to feel cold, as if she were about to pass out. ''I said to him, 'Look, I'm not feeling well.' But I was afraid to make a big deal out of it . . . I don't know *what* was in that wine.

''The conversation goes on about Tammy and about Jim's marriage and how he needs a woman to help him. And the second man said, 'Jessica, you're going to be doing something tremendous for God.' He got up and said, 'I'll be right back.' He left. Jim Bakker started talking more and more — telling me the same thing. Within minutes, the other man comes running back in the room with a bottle of lotion and says, 'Jim loves back rubs.' I said, 'I don't think so.' I felt sick. I could barely talk. He then leaves the room. Jim then says to me, 'I'm glad you came.' I said, 'I really don't feel right.' And I kept trying to say that, but I couldn't even respond to what he was saying anymore. I couldn't even move. So Jim Bakker takes me . . . he gets up off the edge of the bed. He takes off his bathing suit — just undresses . . . I told him I had never been with a man. He said, 'I know.' I said, 'Why don't you just hire somebody?' He said, 'You can't trust everybody.' I kept pushing him away. I asked him, 'What makes you think you can trust me?' And he said, 'Because I know about you . . . You won't hurt me, like the others. You're here to help me, and by helping me you're going to help a lot of people.'

''By now, the guy is on top. He's managed to completely undress me. And he's sitting on my chest. And he's starting to put pillows underneath my back. He put his penis in my mouth and I was just starting to cry at that point. Because I couldn't believe . . . I just started to realise everything that was happening . . . He has pillows under me. He's sitting, like, on my neck. I'm not breathing. I'm feeling sick. I'm choking . . . tears are coming . . . The guy is letting loose in my mouth. There's tears rolling down my face, I am limp as can be and he's still going on . . . He's not seeing me respond. But he's frustrated and determined, determined enough that within minutes he's inside me and he's on top and he's holding my arms. He has these pillows underneath me. I'm pushing him away. Every time I did that, it seemed to bring him on more. And he was talking off the wall, saying, 'When you help the shepherd, you're helping the sheep.' Crazy stuff.

''Then he climaxes inside of me. There was no reason to hold my arms, because I wasn't going anywhere. There was a lot of pain. I kept saying, 'My God. I'm going to get pregnant.' ''

Falwell claims Bakker told him he'd spent 15 minutes with a whore and that he'd been impotent. ''He climaxed twice,'' claims Jessica. ''For somebody who was having a first experience, all this ruined my feelings. After that, I felt that making love or having sex was just a thing that caused a lot of pain, even if it was pleasing for someone else. It put a bad light on sex for a long, long time. Anyway, as Bakker was going on and on, he began to say that he wanted to do it again. He rolls me on my back and, by now, I am like . . . I am like . . . Well, I was on my stomach, okay? Nothing was happening so he rolls me on my back again and tells me he wants to see me again. He says this is just great and he hasn't had anything like this. I was crying and trying to tell this man he had destroyed my life. And he said to me, 'Well, you'll appreciate it later.' He goes, 'Look, all I'm telling you is I need to see you again. I have jets. I have this. I have that. I can make any kind of arrangements . . . I need a woman like you to be by my side . . . a woman that has not been around other people. Someone I can *trust*.' ''

Jessica alleges that the second man entered her room some 15 minutes after Bakker had left and also had sex with her. ''I was so yucked out. I felt disgusting. I was praying he would leave,'' says Jessica.

Later that afternoon the fund-raising telethon came on TV and the two evangelists said, ''We really had a great rest today . . . God really ministered to us today, didn't He?''

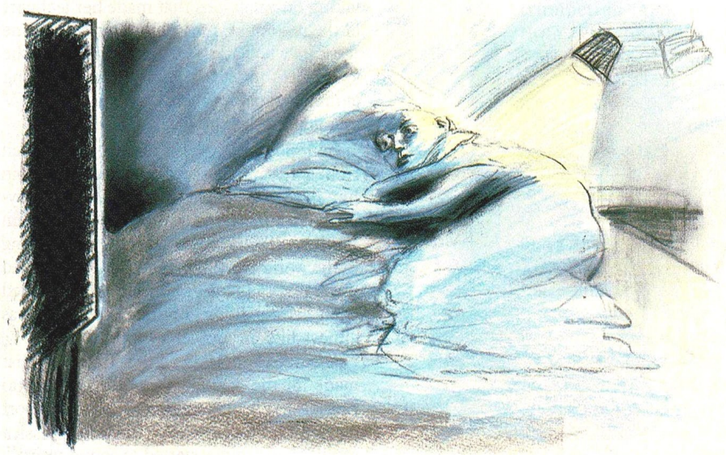
•

So, seven years later, Jessica Hahn has finally talked. ''Even years afterward, I kept thinking this had to be God's will — maybe I really *did* help Bakker. I began to go crazy, I guess,'' she says. ''Don't forget, these were two men I looked up to . . . they could do no wrong . . . I thought maybe either I did wrong or I did not understand and I really was in a position to help them. I thought, These men are God's anointed. God chose them. And who am I to go against God? I was afraid of being struck down . . .

''For seven years,'' she continues, ''the Church has told me, 'Jessica, you just shut up and do your thing and God will bless you.' Jim Bakker thought that nobody would find out; that everybody would protect him.''

Jessica Hahn claims she took so-called ''hush money'' to hush *them* [*the evangelists*] up. A figure of US$265,000 was promised to Jessica although she claims all she ever received was US$20,000 and some monthly payments from a trust fund. ''I didn't give a damn about the money,'' says Jessica. ''That money didn't help me.''

Meanwhile, as we go to press, the Holy War in the States is still hotting up. *Would Jesus Wear A Rolex On His TV Show?* is just one of the new-wave hits blaring out on Bible Belt radio. Tammy Bakker T-shirts with slogans such as CRY NOW, PRAY LATER are selling like hot cakes. The Bakkers have hired flamboyant celebrity lawyer Melvin Belli to defend their case and have sworn to recreate a new PTL ''city'' elsewhere in the States if their battle to reclaim Heritage USA is unsuccessful. And Falwell, accused of betrayal by Bakker, has embarked on a personal crusade to clean up the image of the televangelists.



''I'm watching TV. The two evangelists said, 'God really ministered to us today, didn't He?' ''

JESSICA
ON HER OWN TERMS

No longer a victim, Jessica Hahn emerges in a glamorous portfolio of photographs.

These pictures are a celebration of a new life for me. A new beginning. For the first time in my life, someone took the time to ask, Jessica, what do *you* want? No one had ever done that before, certainly not the church. *Playboy* did. That's why the pictures are as important as the story.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

To do this in *Playboy* — which is probably the most ironic, the most far-fetched idea for a church secretary — is probably unbelievable to people. . . But I fought a long time to start feeling good about myself and my body again. I fought a long time to feel like a woman.

If people want to make fun of me, they can — I don't care. I am not living my life for them anymore. To me, this is a creation. I am not being immoral or anything. I am doing something that says, Jessica is not a robot. She is not to be used and thrown out. She is an individual.

KEN DONE *(continued from page 38)*

When my wife and I were in Perth a woman rushed up, bared her breast and asked me to sign it.

money that accrues just goes back into running the business. I don't have any complex tax schemes. I sleep at night. I pay a huge amount of tax but that's what you've got to do. It depends on what your real desires are. You can see by this place here I don't have a 200ft cruiser sitting out there. I'd like to go on one occasionally but I don't have a desire to own one. I like to work on a bit of blank canvas. That's what I like to do.

The other day I met Jon Bannenburg, the Australian boat designer, who I have a lot of respect for. He designed Alan Bond's latest pleasure boat, *Southern Cross III*, and he's done some of the most expensive, most luxurious boats in the world. He asked me if I'd be interested in doing some things to go inside a really luxurious boat. And of course I said I would. It could be a painting, a tapestry, a carpet, plates, everything and anything. We just need a man with copious amounts of money.

PLAYBOY: How are you coping with copious amounts of fame?

DONE: We try to keep the private life private. In all the articles that have been written about me it's only recently that people have started to hear about my wife. She's a very good fashion designer and we are doing some things together for America now.

As for fame, I don't think you can take it that seriously. It's just not important. Not in the long run. Look, the nicest thing about it all is that no one comes up and says they hate the work. Everyone comes up and says nice things. The nicest thing that happened recently — I was doing a store appearence in Perth and a whole lot of people were wanting me to sign things. An 11-year-old red-headed boy came along and he was a paper-seller and he asked me for my autograph. When I finished the store appearence I walked out into the street and this same paper boy came up to me and said, "I was so excited about meeting you today I want you to have this newspaper — free!" Jeez, that makes it all worth while in my book.

PLAYBOY: Do you find women are attracted to you because of your fame?

DONE: That's a wonderful fantasy concept, I think. Maybe it happens, I'm not sure. The truth of the matter is this. I've been married to the one woman for 22 years and over those years I got to work with a lot of models. In my advertising days I had fashion accounts, swimwear accounts, I even had a bra account. It was one of the great pick-me-ups of a cold English winter to be able to send for 12 wonderful girls to come at 9 o'clock on a Monday morning to show me their tits. A terrific way to start the week. But you know, it's like life drawing or nude beaches — your eyes may widen for the first couple of seconds but, I mean, then there's a job to be done. When I left school at 14 to go to art school you go from cowboys and Indians to life class where you're forced to sit in front of nude ladies and look at them carefully. Of course, I've always been interested in beautiful women and, of course, if you're an artist that's one of the things artists continue to enjoy. But I have to tell you there are not busloads of attractive young ladies hurling themselves at me. Although recently when Judy and I were in Perth a woman did rush up and bare her breast and ask me if I would sign my name on it. I had a very soft pencil and I was prepared not only to sign my name but to give my address and part of my life's history . . . but, er, my wife was not too amused, so a brief initial was all I could get away with.

PLAYBOY: A couple of years ago, *The Dick Clark Show* in the States rang you and wanted you to design costumes for the world's most beautiful women.

DONE: That was a case of taking an opportunity and making the best out of it. Every year *The Dick Clark Show* does *The Most Beautiful Girl In The World Pageant.* And I think it was '83 that they were doing it from Sydney. The people from the show came into the shop and they saw the beach wraps that we make and said, gee, these are wonderful, would you let us use them on the TV show. And we'd like all the girls to be wearing swimwear. Well, we didn't do swimwear in those days but it was too good an opportunity to miss. I was given this piece of paper which had on it all the measurements of the world's most beautiful women and we then had to go and have bikinis made for them. Well, this can't be a bad job, whatever happens. And so we made beach wraps and bikinis for 25-30 finalists. Suddenly my designs were being networked and beamed to millions of people across America.

PLAYBOY: Speedo has been interested in working with you, but we believe you are committed to another swimwear manufacturer.

DONE: Yes, I'd already made a commitment to do swimwear with Robbie Cranfield, a young Australian designer whose work I like. And I'm committed in America with a licensing arrangement too. I expect to be working with Speedo in a year or two when we will do Ken Done/Speedo for the world. At the moment there's no point in me doing designs that can't run in Australia and America.

PLAYBOY: Along with Bruce Petty and Neal Travers, your work represented Australia at Expo in Japan.

DONE: Yes, the government used some of my graphics in the Australian Pavilion and now the Australian government has asked if it can use the way I write the word "Australia" in various embassies overseas, which of course I'm very happy for them to do. And now I'm working with Ken Wooley on the Australian Pavilion at Expo '88 in Brisbane. There's a very good chance I'll be doing some huge graphics for Expo.

PLAYBOY: They'll have to give you the Order Of Australia soon for all the wonderful things you're doing for our image.

DONE: I'm very optimistic about Australia's future. I can't believe we can't get it right, whatever getting it right may mean. I can't think of anywhere else where I want to live or work. I've worked in Tokyo, New York and London and I love to visit all these places, but I'm very happy to work in Australia.

"...and in case you're wondering, I'm not one of those women that prefers cuddling to sex."

"Get a load of ol' Rudolph, the brown-nosed reindeer!"

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAUREEN LAMBRAY

20 QUESTIONS: KELLY McGILLIS

The sexy star of Top Gun and Witness talks about being mugged in New York, flashed in Los Angeles, and how she handles steamy on-screen love affairs.

Kelly McGillis, the strapping blonde beauty who looked like she might be able to eat Tom Cruise for breakfast in Top Gun, is just back from the Middle East, where she tackled Zionism in a movie called Dreamers. The role required lots of research: as the self-confessed "biggest shiksa in the world", she found the job of impersonating an Israeli her biggest challenge since holding Harrison Ford's gun in Witness. McGillis — at the end of a three-film binge that includes the upcoming Jigsaw — wore all black on interview day, and according to interviewer ***David Handelman****, "She was still showing psychological vestiges of the insecure 90kg high schooler she once was."*

1.

PLAYBOY: Before your acting career took off, what was the *worst* job you ever had?
McGILLIS: When I was 17, I worked in a styrofoam factory, earning about $3.50 an hour. You know those things that go on either end of your stereo when it's packed in a box? That's what I made. My hands would get all bloody because the styrofoam didn't ever get soft, but my skin did. It was the worst job in the world, but at 17, I could either do that or work in a fast food joint, and something about french fry grease really bothers me.

2.

PLAYBOY: You've also had some nasty experiences on film sets. You were fired from your second film, *Bachelor Party*. Why?
McGILLIS: We'd been shooting a week, and the producers came and told me I wasn't pretty, I wasn't sexy. That's exactly how they put it. The first thing I did was get drunk. I was depressed for about a year after that.

At that point in my life I'd been waiting tables, so I had taken the part in *Bachelor Party* — a really trashy movie, not art in any form — thinking, well, I can learn by doing. And then to be fired! In the long run it probably saved my career.

3.

PLAYBOY: Were you a good waitress?
McGILLIS: I was probably best at getting people in and out quickly so I could make as much money as possible. [*Laughs*] It's a great job — instant cash. Of course, I had to deal with people who treated me like shit because I was a waitress, and I'd get huffy: "You can't treat me like this! I'm more than a waitress. I want to be an actress!"

4.

PLAYBOY: You are a child of the '60s. Were you born to be wild?
McGILLIS: When I was a kid I was crazy, and very rebellious. I grew up on the tail-end of the '60s, the leftovers, and I did a lot of experimenting with drugs, that whole thing. I was never home, and I ditched school about 80 percent of the time. I'd hang out, surf, go to the beach with my friends. They were all much older, in their twenties, and they'd go out drinking, so I started doing that, too.

I think a lot of what happened had to do with my size. By sixth grade, I was really tall, and looked older than I was. And the epitome of cool when you're 13 is to be taken for 18. Then eating took the place of neuroses, and I got really ugly and fat. I was a terrible social outcast. I guess I still am.

5.

PLAYBOY: When did the sexy Kelly we know on screen emerge from all that fat?
McGILLIS: I lost the weight when I was about 18. I went on a fast, which was crazy. For three weeks I didn't eat anything. I drank water. It's terrible for your body. But I still think of myself as the ugly duckling, and maybe that makes me work harder.

6.

PLAYBOY: Is your weight still a barometer for your moods?
McGILLIS: It does reflect how happy or unhappy I am. I'm not huge now, but I still do struggle with my weight. I was pretty unhappy breaking up with [*Top Gun flight jock*] Barry Tubb, and sort of let myself go. The break-up took about seven months; these things don't happen overnight. You can't say to somebody, "That's it, goodbye," if you ever invested any true love in them. Because you can't take away something you've given — nor would I want to. But I was very angry. I don't think it really sunk in until both of us began seeing other people.

7.

PLAYBOY: When you were working on *Top Gun* you were basically the only woman among a crew of hot young actors. How did you pick Barry Tubb out of that gang?
McGILLIS: I don't know why these things happen. Love isn't intellectual — it's visceral. If there was any one moment, it was one day when we were all walking to dinner and I fell on the ground for no reason at all. [*Laughs*] I don't know why. I wasn't drunk, and I didn't trip. I think that was when I fell in love with Barry.

8.

PLAYBOY: The grapevine had it that you two were planning to marry. True?
McGILLIS: No. I always read that I'm dating somebody or doing something, and it's never true. The best thing I ever read was that I was marrying Sean Penn. And I had never even met him! [*Laughs*]

Barry and I did try living together, but we were never there at the same time. One of us was always working. Let's face it, I'm 30, he's 24. There are certain things I want in my life that he's not ready to have, and certain things about me he's not willing to accept. So I moved my stuff out — and told him about it afterwards.

9.

PLAYBOY: Have your on-screen love affairs been as difficult?
McGILLIS: Most of the time it's just part of the job. I don't really know the people I make love with. It's all pretend. I'm not willing to rip off my clothes every five seconds in a movie. I don't want it to be extraneous sex. When Tom Cruise and I went back and shot more love scenes for *Top Gun* after filming was over, I felt it was necessary. People in the audience wouldn't know that these two people had got together unless it was shown. But, in general, I think we're inundated as a society by seeing everything. You walk down New York's 42nd Street, and there are no secrets. What I think is sexy in love scenes is *not* seeing everything, when it's left up to the audience's imagination, instead of the director deciding what happened for them. To me it's sexy that *I'm* allowed to decide what happened.

10.

PLAYBOY: How can an actor help you most in a love scene?
McGILLIS: By not laughing.

11.

PLAYBOY: You're known as a voracious reader. What's on your bedstand?
McGILLIS: If you really want to know, I just finished *Real Rape*, and now I'm reading *How To Convict a Rapist*. It's just light reading! [*Laughs*] No, it's research — I play

a deputy district attorney in my next movie. For pleasure I'm reading *The Little Prince*, a Dr Seuss book, *Eloise*, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, and Ernest Hemingway's *Garden Of Eden*.

12.

PLAYBOY: Why so many children's books?
McGILLIS: I love children's stories — they're simple and concise, not bogged down by any technicalities. They're like children in that way. I think children are the greatest thing in the world: they're so available, they don't have any of the woes of the world, haven't got muddled up by any false ideology. They're very direct, and they're not judgemental. I never thought about being a mother until I made *Witness*. I had such a great time with Lukas Haas [*who played her son*] it almost scared me.

13.

PLAYBOY: You've lived in New York for 10 years. Have you ever been mugged?
McGILLIS: A few times. It's hard to be this tall, blonde, ride the subway and *not* have things happen to you. One night, during the first snow of the year, a friend was walking me home and two guys came up with a gun and said, "Give us your money." I started laughing; I didn't know what to do. I said, "What? I don't have any money." I was a student at Juilliard, I lived on $30 a week. I had this huge mailbag full of books, heavy as hell, and I said, "Here, take my bag," figuring there was no way they could pick it up and run with it. One guy was convinced I was wearing jewellery. He said, "Give me your rings or I'll fucking kill you!" I said, "I'm not fucking *wearing* any rings " as I was ripping off my gloves and thinking, "Don't shoot me just because I'm not wearing jewellery!" Then they told us to turn around and walk down the street, and that was that.

14.

PLAYBOY: You've also lived on the West Coast. What's your worst Los Angeles horror story?
McGILLIS: When I first moved to LA I thought it was a nice little place, that nothing weird ever happened. On the first day I had my new car there I was driving around on Melrose Avenue when this guy in a Mercedes pulled up beside me. He was masturbating furiously! Then he started to follow me. I was so panicked I didn't know what to do. I stopped at a gas station, and then realised what an idiot I'd been. I had a telephone in my car. I could've let him follow me and just called for help.

15.

PLAYBOY: Does being famous make meeting guys easier?
McGILLIS: No — far more difficult because you tend to doubt people's sincerity. A lot of people want to know you for what you are and not who you are. And me, I'm a trusting idiot. I'm always one to start talking to people — maybe it's sort of field research for acting. It's terrible, because a lot of guys misinterpret it as asking them out for a date. No, no, no, no, that's not it. I just love talking to people.

Since *Top Gun*, it's got worse. I think I've had the longest period of being alone I've had in years. It's been a good experience for me; I've learned a lot about how to be alone. I don't think you can be with somebody until you've learned that.

16.

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer being alone to being in a couple?
McGILLIS: Oh, I love being in love, and I fall in and out of love easily. I think it's the best thing in the world. There have been moments when I really wanted to get married, but it's best that I didn't. I can become so fanatical about someone that I don't see all sides of their personality. I'm a terrible romantic: I fall in love with the idea of being in love, not necessarily the person. It hasn't happened in a while. Maybe I'm growing up a bit.

17.

PLAYBOY: Are you dating anyone now?
McGILLIS: Yes, if you can call it that — it's more like long-distance dating, over the phone. It's hard to keep a steady relationship going in this business; it's one of the sacrifices you make. I would like to settle down with one person, but it's hard. Most people I see work 9 to 5, and they aren't as available to fly around and meet me in Vancouver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York. So . . . I meet people. I'm very passionate, I love that.

18.

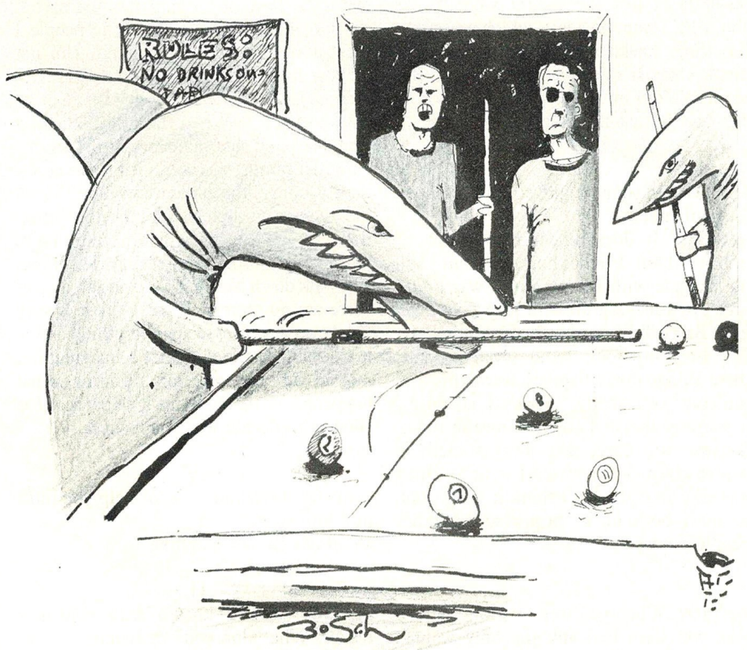
PLAYBOY: Are the names in your little black book written in pen or pencil?
McGILLIS: Oh, pen. I always remember them. It doesn't mean I have to see them!

19.

PLAYBOY: You've played them all — blondes, brunettes and redheads. Who *really* has more fun?
McGILLIS: I'd definitely say redheads. It makes me feel a bit wild.

20.

PLAYBOY: Now that you've been in a few hit movies, your disposable income must be way up. Do you like to shop?
McGILLIS: I used to. I have a great passion for buying sexy underclothes. But now I have this phobia and I don't go out shopping anymore. Maybe it has to do with being recognised. You know, I'm out looking at underwear, and someone says, "Aren't you Kelly McGillis?" and I say, "Yeah, but can I just pick out some underwear by myself please?"



"Maybe we should try the club down the road . . . "

BEACH BUMS

Stunning swimwear to ensure you make a splash this summer.

The new men's swimwear for 1987/8 is as hot as our good ol' Aussie sunshine. The briefs are briefer and the prints are bolder. There are even some styles with a built-in zipper for those, er, rushed moments, and lots of body-hugging lycra board shorts. And if you've got the body, the girls will do the hugging.

Fashion by Vitek

His nylon briefs with high-sheen finish are by Brian Rochford ($22) and her one-piece with glitter effect is by Speedo ($60).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD DILLON

On the left, his briefs by Najee ($35) feature an inside hip pocket for change or keys. Her two-piece bikini is by Sea Folly ($42). On the right, his polyester briefs by Brian Rochford ($22) have a cotton lining.

Billabong all-cotton board shorts, $32.

Billabong drawstring board shorts, $33.

Bold print board shorts by Bombies, $32.

Collage print board shorts by Quiksilver, $32.

All-cotton shorts by Quiksilver, $32.

Speedo drawstring board shorts, $30.

His lycra briefs with handy zipper are by Fine Lines ($18). Her one-piece with strategically positioned cut-away panels is by Anna ($58).

His body-hugging lycra board shorts are by Speedo ($34). She's wearing half a bikini by Brian Rochford ($46).

ILLUSTRATION BY GEOFF KELLY

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BARBECUE

Richard Beckett throws a few steaks on the barbie.

ALTHOUGH THE BARBECUE has been with us as a cooking aid as long as fire itself, it is only in Australia that this ancient and delicious method of food preparation has degenerated into a culinary joke. Despite the fact that we've been grilling bits of meat on sticks for at least 100,000 years, something rather odd occurred in this country on 10 November 1960. On that day every cook in the country burnt the sausages. We've been an international laughing stock ever since.

It probably wasn't helped by the fact that at bush picnics we had long been known to swing billies of tea around our heads like windmills ''ter settle th' leaves'', and then stick a gumleaf into the things once they had been landed safely. But that's another cause of international shame which has got nothing at all to do with buggering up meat ''as good as rump'', so I'll leave it.

I pick 1960 as the watershed year because before that there was really no such thing as a barbecue in this country. If you were going to have a picnic in the bush you took your billy along for tea and a bit of rump steak which was *grilled* (my emphasis). It just happened that the heat source was an open eucalypt fire. To do this you took along your *griller* — the more or less Australian-invented, double-sided square wire grill, which enabled the steak to be turned without having to jab at it with idiot barbecue tongs or forks (which hadn't been invented either). And it is still the best way to cook a good centre cut of rump steak.

But that was a bush picnic, not a barbie. Anywhere else if you were having an outdoor meal, you'd have chicken or corned beef sandwiches, with a couple of bottles of beer for the blokes, tea for the sheilas and raspberry lemonade for the kids (or ginger beer p'raps).

It was only when this country started to become upwardly mobile and discovered electric mixers and electric frying pans and then crockpots and food processers that we collectively turned into a nation of water-burners.

So what I'm aiming to do here is set the clock back about 20 years or more, while retaining a few culinary advances. In other words, these are fire-cooking recipes from countries whose citizens still know how to use fire.

Now as everyone is supposed to know, the fire is the key to a proper barbecue. In its true and original form it is simply a decent bed of wood coals over which various cuts of meat are suspended. These days the ''coals'' are, likely as not, semi-fabricated — commercial charcoal, heat

beads, pressed barbecue briquettes or gas-heated volcanic rock. All of these wood substitutes are good enough in their way because they produce the barbecue effect.

But there are also those barbecues in which naked flame has been eliminated by the use of a steel sheet which is usually heated by gas. This type of cooking has reached its greatest refinement in the Japanese art of *teppan* cooking over a stainless steel plate. I don't happen to regard this form of cooking as having anything to do with barbecuing at all because the meat more or less stews in its own fat. In other words, it is fried and not grilled — which is what barbecuing is supposed to be all about. However, these types of barbecues seem to be very popular with people who have trouble coming to terms with a naked flame.

All the recipes that follow assume that the cook is manipulating a bed of coals and that the food is being flamed rather than fried. The hotplate technique can be used but the results will not be as good.

Now outside of the robust spit roasts in front of a three metre-wide manor house kitchen fireplace (now, alas, a thing of the past), the interesting thing about most cuts of meat eaten in countries where the barbecue is an everyday affair is that they are small, whether they are the Balkan grilled meatballs, the shashliks of Georgia, Moroccan kebabs, Indonesian satay or Japanese yakitori. This means that unless you are attempting to cook a hundred or so of the things at once for either a large festive gathering or a non-vegetarian hippy commune, they are suited absolutely to all the small portable barbecues which seem to be the most popular these days.

The other thing is that lamb or mutton is the most universally favored meat for your kebabs or shashliks.

The easiest part of the lamb to handle in the making of shashliks or kebabs is the leg. It contains the least amount of fat, there is a lot of it, and it can be cut off the bone and cubed quickly. You can cut your chunks as big as you like, but bite-sized pieces are the best.

A tip on your kebab sticks: the flat, miniature sword-shaped blades are the best. The meat can be impaled on ordinary skewers, but individual chunks tend to spin around when the kebabs are being turned and thus the cooking is uneven.

Anyway, to start with the classic Georgian shashlik: for four people you will need a kilo of lamb cubed from a leg, one large brown onion grated finely, the juice of one lemon, a dash of olive oil, and salt and pepper. You will also need a couple of extra onions cut into leaves that will fit easily on the kebab blade, extra lemons, tomatoes cut in quarters and spring onions.

Mix the grated onion, lemon juice, olive oil and salt and pepper in a mixing bowl, add the chunks of lamb and let them stand in the marinade for about three hours. Give the mixture an occasional stir to make sure the mixture is evenly distributed on the lamb pieces.

Skewer the lamb, placing an onion leaf between each chunk of meat. Grill over hot coals, turning occasionally. Serve with lemon wedges, the fresh tomato quarters and spring onions.

If you want to make a Greek (or semi-Greek) version of this, add a couple of teaspoons of powdered oregano (preferably the so-called "wild" variety sold in bunches in continental delis) to the marinade and sprinkle a little more oregano over the meat as it cooks.

These kebabs go splendidly with the unleavened flat bread which is sometimes called Lebanese bread or pitta and is available in any supermarket these days. Actually it is not Lebanese bread at all; it is equally well known under other names in Morocco and Samarkand.

And as many of you probably already know, a snack-like way of handling a shashlik is to split the pitta bread to form a pocket, unskewer the meat into it and add some sliced tomato and lettuce as well as salt and pepper. However, I prefer mine on a plate with the bread on the side.

Marinades are the key to all lamb kebabs. Traditionally we've got around the dullness of plain grilled lamb chops by lashings of either tomato or Worcestershire sauce. But a marinade is a slightly more sophisticated way of going about things.

The following marinades come from that area of North Africa known as the Meghrib, collected not by me but by a splendid Syrian food writer who goes by the name of Arto der Haroutunian. But I have tried them all and each imparts a distinctly different flavor to the basic lamb meat:

The Meghrib standard marinade (used extensively by North African snack bar owners). Juice of 1 large lemon, 1 teaspoon of paprika, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons of olive oil. Mix together and marinade chunks of meat in it for 3 hours.

From Tunis, *Harissa marinade* Juice 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon chilli paste mixed with 2 tablespoons of water, 1 teaspoon each powdered carraway and coriander, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon olive oil. (Very hot.)

Libyan onion marinade Juice 1 lemon, 1 large grated onion, 1 teaspoon cumin, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ground black pepper, 4 tablespoons olive oil.

Fez mint marinade Juice 1 large lemon, juice 1 orange, 4 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon salt, small bunch of mint finely chopped, 2 tablespoons olive oil.

These North African kebabs are made up of pure meat, but you can skewer onions with them as well. All are grilled very quickly and served with salads and various types of flat bread.

If you have a large barbecue, with one of those spit roasters which turn themselves, a whole leg of lamb is not hard to manage. Alternatively, even without the spit, a butterflied leg of lamb is relatively easy to manage over the standard bars of a large barbecue. To butterfly a leg of lamb, either get the butcher to bone it or bone it out yourself, removing both the leg bones. Then spread the leg out in the shape of a butterfly, skin or fat side uppermost.

In either case, the following marinade from the High Atlas region of Algeria makes an excellent change from the standard plain lemon juice and olive oil mixture normally reserved for lamb.

You will need 4 tablespoons of olive oil, 2 teaspoons of salt, 1 teaspoon black pepper, 1 teaspoon each of powdered thyme and rosemary, 2 tablespoons of chopped fresh mint, 1 tablespoon of coriander, 1 teaspoon chilli powder and 2 crumbled bay leaves. Combine all the ingredients in a bowl and rub thoroughly into the surface of the lamb (in the case of the butterflied leg on *both* sides). Leave in the bowl for three hours before cooking.

In barbecuing either the whole leg or the butterflied joint, the coals should be kept low. This, of course, is where gas-fired lava rock barbecues with knob temperature control come into their own. With a true fire one has to keep on mucking around, adding more fuel and racking the joint up and down almost constantly. As a whole leg can take up to three hours to cook through, this means a constant fire watch. But with automatic spit and controlled heat, you can walk away from the thing and leave it to take care of itself. If doing it the primitive or charcoal way, the old-fashioned hinged double grill (as long as it is the large size) holds the meat firmly and you can turn it from time to time without having to stab it with forks. This preserves the juices and stops the meat from drying out.

In any event, some more olive oil should be added to the marinade after the joint has been taken out and the meat should be brushed from time to time to stop the surface from drying out and to give the joint an appetising brown glaze.

There are many more marinades for lamb but outside of the Middle Eastern sphere, one that I have used from time to time which is always pleasant is more or less Indonesian in origin. It consists of the juice of half a lemon, 2 tablespoons dark soy sauce, 1 tablespoon peanut oil, few drops sesame oil, 2 cloves garlic crushed, 1 small onion grated, 1 tablespoon brown sugar and a pinch of Chinese five-spice powder. Combine the ingredients and steep lamb cubes in the mixture for about an hour before skewering and grilling.

In theory it should also have some tamarind juice in it as well, which consists of a piece of preserved tamarind soaked in water and the juice drained off. But the lack of this ingredient doesn't seem to matter. This marinade is also very good for barbecuing chicken, which because of battery rearing is almost tasteless these days and needs even more flavor added to it than lamb.

Personally I always grill chickens in halves. Just split the bird straight down the middle and give each half a hefty whack with a cleaver (and anyone can afford a cheap Chinese cleaver these days, it doesn't have to be an expensive butcher's job), to flatten it out. Always barbecue a chicken with the skin side facing skywards for the first half of the cooking time so that when it is turned the skin crisps up nicely for serving.

With chicken, if you cannot be bothered with lengthy marinading, have a good bowl of melted butter to hand and paint the chicken with it from time to time during the cooking. And with chicken, despite the fact that I am against *bought* bottled mixtures when one's own can be made up cheaply and quickly, I do weaken when confronted with a bottle of Japanese teriyaki marinade sauce. Chicken halves painted with this sauce are quite delicious.

Another good trick with chicken (if you can keep the bottle out of your mouth, that

(continued on page 113)

SIZZLING SELECTIONS

Tony Love checks out what's hot and what's not.

THE BLOKE WHO penned the famous jingle about "Football, meat pies and Holden cars" forgot one item just as essential to the good life, equally as varied in shape, size and taste, and wholly indigenous: barbecues. A weekend without one is like Border without his bat, the Chamberlains without a dingo, or Adelaide without a Grand Prix. Beyond dullsville.

All of which means you must have one, and it's got to be the right one. It's no good firing up the little foldaway kero burner when your backyard's as big as the Blue Mountains; nor will a Fijian hot-coal pit suit a 15th storey bedsit (ask your local fire brigade for a second opinion). Size is not the most important factor, and haven't we been told that before? It's all in how you sizzle.

A small, Japanese-style hibachi, for instance, will show you've got more class than if you choose a tin-pot, gas-powered briefcase. Both are portable and ideally suited to apartments with balconies; the main difference lies in, bluntly, the image (although there is also the small matter of the type of fuel, which ultimately affects the flavor of the cooking).

Kits like the old Primus pack-up set with two gas burners are, surprisingly, still around, prices starting from $60 for the simplest models, and ranging up to around $100 for those with a griller and stand. Look for brands such as Primus, Nomad, Companion and Cougar. This style's only advantage is that it's neat and clean, especially for travelling.

If taste is more important on the agenda, while being mindful of space, hibachis come in sizes to meat two to six people, priced between $10 and $50.

For package-deal freaks you can even get hibachis on a portable stand with wheels, a rotating grill plate, plus a three-piece set of barbecue tools. These cookers use either heat beads or charcoal, give meat a great barbecued flavor, but are messy.

Still in the portable range of barbies, but slightly larger, comes the round, 45cm diameter plate-on-three-legs variety, using either gas or solid fuel. The former mostly has a solid plate with a deep fat well and windshields, and is able to fit all LPG cylinders. Look for Cougar's Bowen Barbecue from $60, Companion's model from $80, or Barbeques Galore's own brand with automatic ignition at $80. This kind of barbie cooks the meat in its own fat, so if you're proportioned somewhere between Russ Hinze and Ayers Rock and you're worried about cholesterol more than the cricket, then go for a similar-style cooker that uses heat beads or charcoal and has an open-grill plate. Everything about the small portables applies to this style, with Cougar's Super Sizzler starting at $45, while Dalson's Waltzing Matilda has an adjustable-height grill, priced from $60.

Now it's time to get serious, though even in the mid-sized barbecues on the market, there's still an obsession with portability. Balcony and verandah dwellers can still light up the barbie when mates by the half-dozen drop around because most mid-to-large cookers can be incorporated into trolleys, with either solid or open grill plates, and some side-table space. Most use gas, and with open grillers combined with volcanic rock, this disperses the flame and gives meat a more traditional "burnt" barbie flavor. Prices start at around $70 and according to size can go up to $250. For that you can graduate from a small balcony into a patio-sized model, even something big enough to wheel out into the backyard without getting lost past the Hills Hoist and the pumpkin patch. You get a full-metal trolley unit, fold-out tray tables on both sides, plenty of storage space, solid and open-grill plates with space enough to cook for a bus load of American tourists all searching for Hoges to stick on another "shrimp" when they arrive.

The jump to serious barbecue addiction comes when you decide it's time to invest in a wooden, often jarrah hardwood, trolley with anywhere from three to five gas burners and volcanic rock. Again you get table and storage space, and the brands to look for are Cook On and Turbo, as well as Barbeques Galore. These start at $300 and go up to $450 and beyond $500 for five-burner jobs. And more if you want rotisserie and covered cooking capacity.

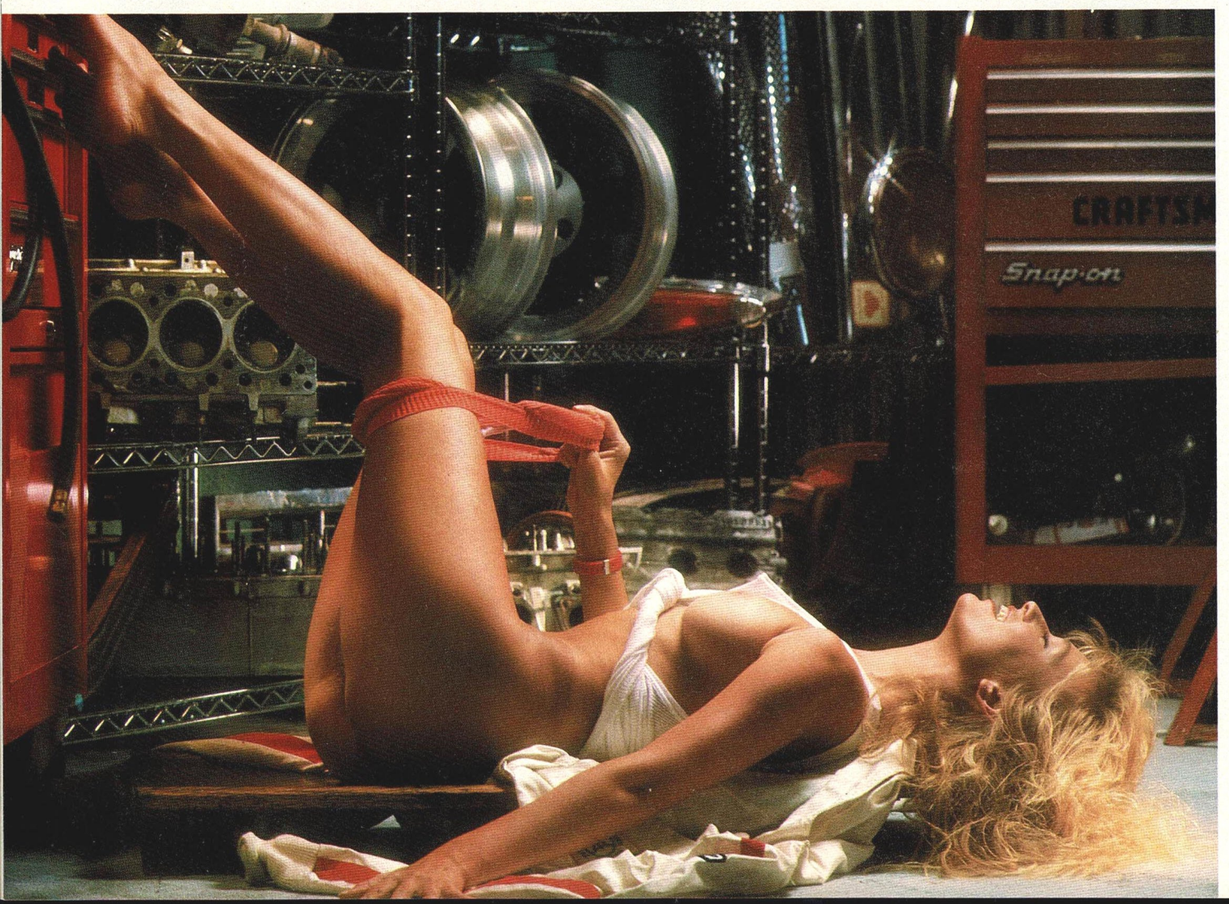
Covered cookers (those flying saucer-like domes made famous by outback explorer/artists) are so much the rage now they'll soon be wheeling them down the aisles of Qantas jumbos. They're great for roasting, but can also be used for grilling and more traditional barbecue behavior. They suit balconies and patios as well as backyards. Webers take heat beads or charcoal, come on a tripod with wheels and range from $150 to $200. Cook On have a similar unit but powered by gas with volcanic rock. These have a heat indicator gauge on the lid and carrying capacity for very large gas bottles and sell for between $250 and $300. Further up-market comes a range of "self-clean" gas domes from Happy Cooker, with timers, auto-starts and heat indicators, with trollies ranging from $450 to $650.

If none of these take your fancy, then imported gear from the States proves if nothing else that the Yanks believe bigger is better, and that includes the size of the bill. Charmglow covered cookers with white (what other color would you expect?) volcanic rock could set you back around $1000. Then there's the US-made Ducane gas BBQ with everything that opens and shuts, a cover if desired, chopping block, rotisserie, more knobs than NASA, all in a metal cabinet on wheels for just $1650. And, of course, be the first on the block with an infra-red covered gas cooker. What next? Micro-wave barbies no doubt!

WHAM, PAM!

Gorgeous Pam Stein has a habit of winning beauty contests. Here's why.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



Beautiful, bouncy Pam Stein describes herself as a shorts-and-no-shoes kind of girl. Her idea of a good time is to step into a cafe, drink some beer and listen to a little rock'n'roll. Pam loves music. At present she's dating a guy who tours with a rock band. "It's the same kind of business as modelling, which is what I do," says Pam. "It's all about intense energy followed by long breaks. If someone doesn't understand the business, they think you are just fooling around. It's hard work, hard fun."

EQUIPPED WITH
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

Pam has a thing about contests. She entered her first beauty pageant at the page of 12! She's won 15 crowns since then, including a contest held at her local speedway. "I got to squirt champagne on the race winners," Pam explains. "Then they got to squirt champagne on me. That was my first experience at a racetrack. My brothers loved it!" When she's not taking out the honors at beauty quests, Pam works as a model. "But my height is a major setback," she says. The world of high fashion, it seems, has a height requirement more in line for basketballers. "It strikes me as ridiculous," she says. "A magazine cover is not that big, right? By the time they shrink your image to put you on the cover, who knows how tall you are?" Despite the fact she's no Amazon, Pam has made commercials including a public service announcement for anorexia. "I never get to look glamorous!" she laughs. Pam says atmosphere is not an essential component of an ideal evening. "With the right person I could spend the evening in a closet and still have a good time!" she says. "On one hand, I do like to be dressed to kill. I also love fresh air and blue skies. The beach is me." Real people are a turn-on for Pam. And she loves fast cars, fishing, family and friends. Want to turn this beautiful young lady off? Okay, try being rude, violent, conceited and argumentative. As for ambitions, a part in a soap opera and mastering guitar would do just fine.

Article by
RICHARD BECKETT
and
SUSAN KUROSAWA

Presents To Please Her

Win her heart this Christmas with gifts designed to dazzle.

WHENEVER I LOOK at lists for Christmas hampers I often wonder what eventually happens to at least half the stuff packed in them. One knows where the booze ends up but what about the cans of Greek-style cod roe or pig's knuckles in aspic? I suppose they linger somewhere in the kitchen cupboard until they're eventually given to the cat.

The saddest hampers are those with individual portions of Christmas pudding, very small servings of baked beans, and wine in quarter bottles. No Christmas company for that person, one thinks grimly. On the other hand, there are those really terrific baskets with champagne and caviar packed in a superb wickerwork container along with a dozen roses strapped to the side, delivered by someone in a fancy outfit at exactly the right time. But these can be a bit fraught as well, especially if the female object of your desire gets the wrong idea and knocks off everything at once with the parcel man instead of decently waiting for your own charming arrival. It has been known to happen.

The real problem about Christmas giving is that most people, especially men, believe that they have to offer something that looks fancy even if it really isn't. So they veer away from, say, an unpretentious bottle of Australian port, and buy some highly sticky and violently colored alcoholic drink in a bottle that looks as if it has been attacked by some crazed glass-blower from the Balkans.

The male hasn't the slightest idea of what he's bought, the female is completely baffled, and it sits on the mantelpiece looking sad and lonely until someone who is absolutely desperate for a drink gets stuck into the blasted stuff and lives to rue the moment of rashness.

For that reason I always recommend that *especially* at Christmas one sticks with the tried and true. For anyone fond of scotch there is the excellent Glenfiddich or perhaps a Dimple Haig (and that comes in one semi-fancy bottle that I don't object to). For those with a sweeter tooth, try a bottle of Glayva Scotch Liqueur, and for those who prefer Irish whiskey, it is hard to pass up Tullamore Dew. There's also Jim Beam bourbon for the growing number of Australians who appreciate its quite different flavor. I discussed cognacs in my August Booze column but I'll remind you that Remy Martin, Martell, Courvoisier and Hennessy are all readily available (if you've got the money) and make a more than acceptable gift. Most Australian wine companies do special presentation packs of two or more bottles (usually a couple of whites and a red), all of which are okay and at least look somewhat better than a brown paper bag, and there is also an awful lot of champagne around as well.

Montrose has released a magnum-sized 1986 chardonnay in a wooden gift box for $30, and that's a good indication of the sort of price you can expect to pay for premium wine in festive presentation packs.

Back to hampers. You can make your own and thus avoid all those tins of baked beans and pig's knuckles. There's an enormous range of wickerwork on the Australian market, ranging from Asian bamboo containers to traditional English willow and Spanish containers woven from grapevine stems. Your container doesn't have to be an actual hamper. A clothes basket, for example, can be filled by sadistic males with actual dirty linen and a few bottles of hootch sitting on top. Not an idea to be tried, I might add, if your female has a short fuse.

Rather than dirty laundry, there are a number of tasty items that can be packed in with bottles of wine or spirits. Try liqueur-filled chocolates, biscuits in fancy tins, small jars of honey and imported jams through to herbal soaps and oils, perhaps even some of her favorite perfume or bath gel. You don't have to be able to eat or drink everything in the hamper, you know.

There is also no reason why a hamper should not have a unifying theme. If you are both Mexican food freaks, why not opt for everything from taco shells and sauces to special dips and a bottle of tequila? For the complete breakfast, there's fresh or tinned fruit, good coffee, jams, marmalades and a single bottle of champagne to get Christmas morning up and running. I wouldn't attempt to include eggs on the breakfast list, but there is nothing wrong with some properly smoked bacon in a piece, plus some crispbread, fancy biscuits and even a bar of chocolate. If your lady is a tea freak, include a proper tea caddy.

In the rush of Christmas, hampers often don't get unpacked immediately. And while the love of your choice may remember to put flowers into a vase the instant they arrive on her doorstep, it won't immediately occur to her to go rummaging through a basket to see if there's anything that is likely to go off. So if you are planning a celebration around special fresh foods, warn her in advance. It takes the edge off the surprise but it's far better she knows what is likely to land on her doorstep. Quite a lot of extra fresh food is a nuisance anyway during periods of celebration. The fridge is invariably stuffed and, if she has planned a special meal, a basket of live crays isn't going to help matters. Tinned or preserved foods, on the other hand, can be graciously received and put aside for later use.

There's no point in hurtling into the shops on Christmas Eve and hoping for the best. If you're one of those people who can't bear the thought of the jolly season hassle, it is far better in the long run to buy a pre-packed selection.

It's all a matter of not getting your maiden aunt mixed up with your girlfriend. However, in the end, personal choice is best. It does show a deliberate attempt to choose something different. In other words she's not getting what Sally and Sue and Barbara down the road got as well. It's just the basic difference between a multi-purpose money order and a proper personal gift.

— RICHARD BECKETT

SWEET SMELLING SUGGESTIONS

Women love perfume. This is one of life's absolute verities. Sort of like, all Japanese have bandy legs and all Fijians have fuzzy hair. The only women who do not adore big bottles of expensive perfume are the type who razor their hair and make experimental films about feminist poets. And those sort of women are not showered with Christmas presents from horny males, anyway.

Fragrance is a safe, totally acceptable present for the object of your love or lust, provided you follow a few basic rules. First, do not be a cheapskate. Those inexpensive, luridly colored scents that smell like a cross between room deodoriser and dead flowers are absolutely forbidden. Anything that comes tricked up in one of those floral boxes lined with purple satin and decorated with

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

bath-cubes is also taboo.

What you must aim for is a well-recognised brand of perfume in a stylishly packaged container. Head for the perfumery counters of major department stores, large chemists, or specialty boutiques such as the From Paris With Love chain. Many of the displays will come under the heading of French Perfume, but some of the newest, most trendy types are from the States.

Concentrated perfume is the most expensive item in most fragrance lines; this strong essence has not been diluted with water, it's more lasting on the skin and only a dab is required each time she puts it on. Eau-de-cologne or eau-de-toilette have been diluted, they have a fresh, lighter aroma and often come in atomisers. (Tip: most atomisers are refillable; the initial outlay is a tad higher than for a straight bottle, but she'll be able to purchase well-priced refills when she runs out.)

If you know what perfume she generally uses, it's safe but a mite boring to buy her just that. Most women have a few favorites which they swap according to mood and season; some even have a certain perfume they always wear by day and a totally different one for evening. But I reckon a real surprise is much more exciting. So why not take note of what she wears, and then consult a sales assistant about a similar type of perfume. Don't be taken aback if you're asked if your lady's blonde, brunette or redheaded. Her hair coloring is an indication of skin type which is often a determining factor in the most suitable type of perfume. Brunettes with olive, sometimes oily complexions, usually opt for heavy, musk-based perfumes. Light-skinned blondes, on the other hand, feel more comfortable with fresh and flowery colognes. There are exceptions, of course, to every rule, and not every platinum blonde or vampish brunette was born that way, but you can take her complexion and hair coloring as a more-or-less accurate indication of what to buy.

We decided it would be fun to ask some of our most popular Playmates and pictorial stars to name their favorite perfumes. It wasn't a simple task. Females are, well, fickle, and our lovely ladies are no exception. They all took their time deciding upon an absolute favorite, many of them had a hankering to try some of the new brands on the market, and all agreed that, like diamonds and furs, a woman should never, ever have to buy her *own* perfume.

FIERY REDHEADS

Felicity Collins

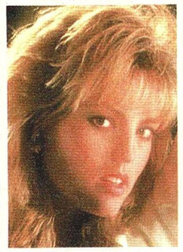
Auburn-haired beauties such as **Sharry Konopski** (September 1987) and **Donna Edmondson** (December 1986) have made unforgettable appearances in *Australian Playboy* but it's Adelaide's **Felicity Collins,** our gorgeous Miss October 1986 and reigning Playmate Of The Year, who qualifies as our most radiant redhead. Felicity has a fair skin, just like all true redheads, and she leads a hectic life as a beauty and grooming instructor and high-fashion model. Her daytime choice is ***First*** by Van Cleef and Arpels ($72) which is an assertive, sophisticated perfume. At night, she chooses ***Shalimar*** by Guerlain ($66). "It has an exotic scent which brings out my playful side," says Felicity.

BREEZY BLONDES

Laurie Carr

Pastel colors and frilly, feminine clothes are the choice of most blondes. Light, fresh colognes and eau-de-toilettes suit fair-headed women. Here are the choices of some of our *Australian Playboy* blonde bombshells.

Our sensational Miss January 1987, **Laurie Carr,** couldn't go past ***Beautiful*** by Estee Lauder ($49, eau-de-parfum only) as her chosen perfume. "It's a soft, feminine fragrance that is very individual on everyone," says blonde and, yes, beautiful Laurie. It's a perfume thick with exotic floral notes and just the thing for the kind of fair-skinned, fragile blondes who love very feminine clothes and fresh flowers in their hair. ***Chloe*** by Karl Lagerfeld ($47.50) and Chanel's ***Number 19*** ($54) are also good choices for the perky blonde in your life.



Lynne Austin

Ellen Stohl

Lynne Austin brightened up our August 1986 issue with her stunning fair looks and provocative style. Her choice of fragrance is ***Anne Klein***, which she first tried in the States; it's due to be released in Australia very soon. "It's subtly sexy and not overpowering and it lingers," says lovely Lynne. For a fresh-faced lady such as the delicious Miss Austin, we suggest you also check out ***Calandre*** by Paco Rabanne ($44) and YSL's wonderfully floral ***Paris*** ($49).

Lovely **Ellen Stohl** who appeared in our August 1987 issue is a vivacious blonde who prefers light, feminine fragrances. "Something that's got spunk and an undertone of subtlety," she says. Her daytime preference is ***Cristalle*** by Chanel ($46) which she describes as a lingering, provocative perfume. At night, she opts for ***Ysatis*** by Givenchy ($53). "It's quite a heavy fragrance," says Ellen, "but I think it's suitable for blondes who are passionate!"

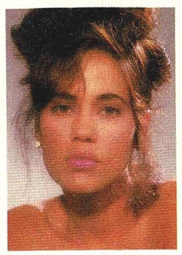
SULTRY BRUNETTES

Ava Fabian

Brunettes have an aura of seductiveness, they glow in rich colors such as red or vivid blues and purples. We asked a selection of your favorite dark-haired Girls Of Playboy to come up with their perfume preferences.

Voluptuous **Ava Fabian** who featured in our September 1986 issue opts for ***Youth Dew*** by Estee Lauder ($27). "It's a very distinctive fragrance which is spicy yet sophisticated," she says. If you're lucky enough to have a fast-moving, spirited woman like Ava in your life, try presenting her with ***Anais-Anais*** by Cacherel ($45) or Giorgio Armani's ***Armani*** ($56), two musky but very feminine perfumes that are ideal for vampish brunettes.

Rebecca Ferratti



Desiree Brown

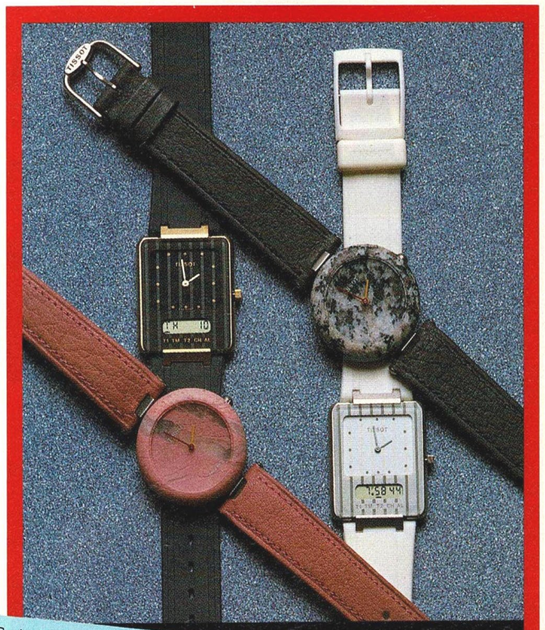
Our July 1986 issue featured an unforgettable young lady called **Rebecca Ferratti.** When we used the subhead "High-powered Rebecca will put you in a spin" on her pictorial, we weren't joking. This lady m-o-v-e-s and we weren't surprised when she chose Calvin Klein's ***Obsession*** as her favorite perfume. "It's a very demanding fragrance that makes me feel sensuous and seductive," explains Rebecca. Obsession is not available in Australia as yet so unless you're off overseas before Christmas, we suggest you substitute sultry ***Coco*** ($87) or timeless ***Number 5*** ($54), both by Chanel.

Our very desirable Miss August 1987, **Desiree Brown,** has two favorite perfumes, both of which she wears around the clock. ***Poison*** by Dior ($103) has a spicy, sensuous fragrance which suits the sultry looks of this dynamic brunette. Her other choice is Yves Saint-Laurent's ***Opium*** ($90). "It's a mysterious, exotic perfume," says Desiree.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

Unless otherwise stated, all prices quoted are for 50ml cologne or eau-de-toilette.

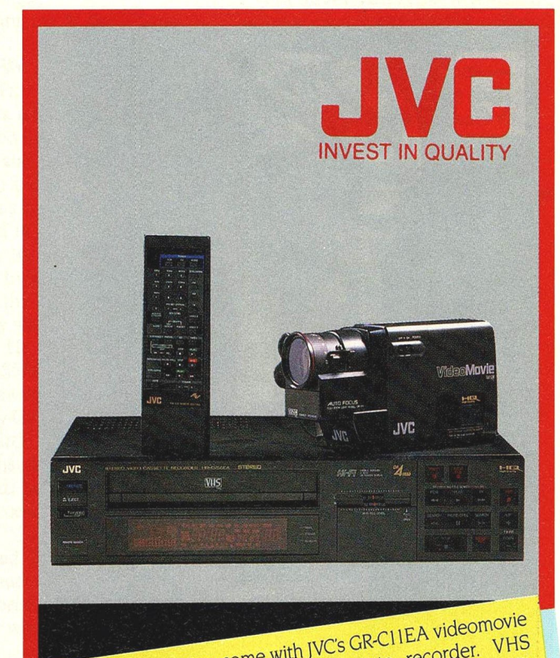
Advertisement



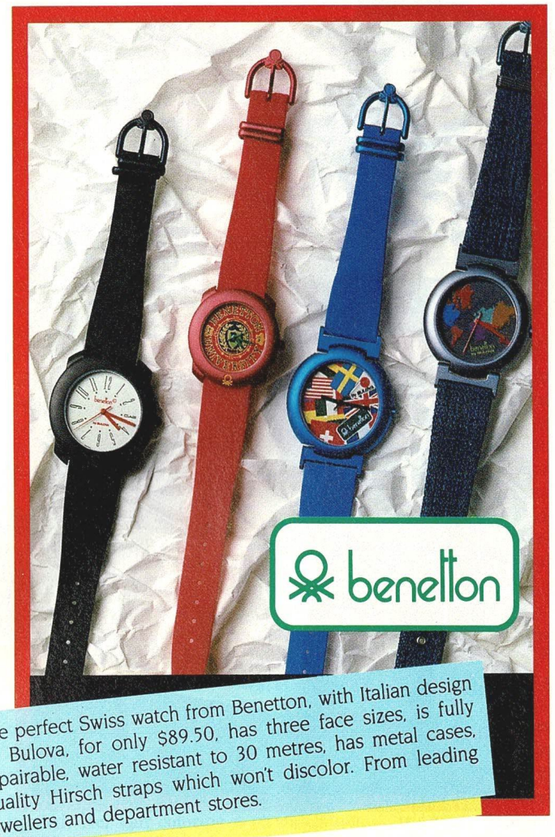
Swiss quartz: Tissot Twotimer (analogue/digital), waterproof to 30 metres, has seconds, day and date, 2nd time zone, stopwatch, alarm and countdown, $125. Tissot Rockwatch: beautiful Australian rock, scratchproof sapphire glass – "New England Grey" superb grey/black granite $235, "Tamworth Pink", in rhodanite, $250. From Myer and David Jones, selected jewellers and duty free stores.

Soft, cool, comfortable, polyester/cotton knit shortie pyjamas made by you-know-who for the smart Playboy image. Available from: Grace Bros, Target. Retail price: around $18.00.

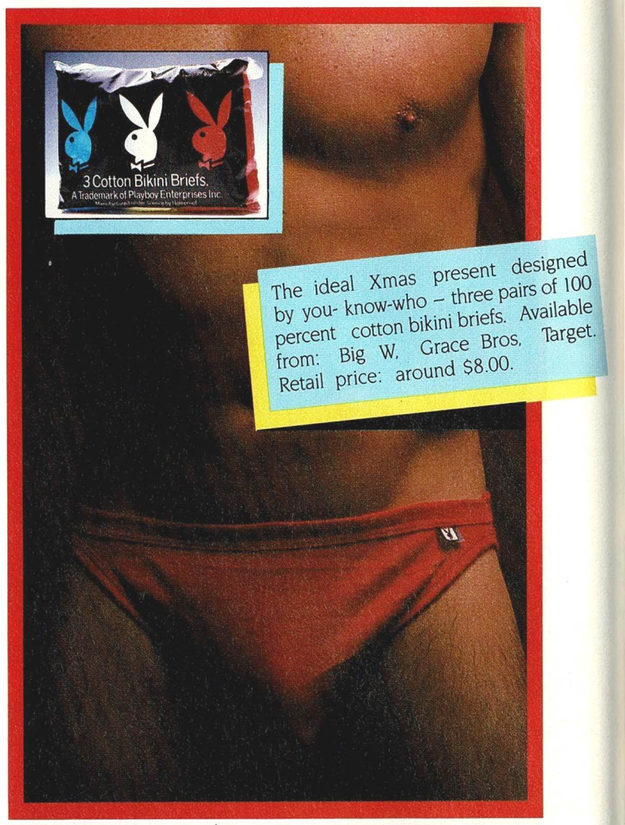
Priced from $95 to $350, this extremely rare nectar, Vintage Armagnac Larressingle, comes from the leading independent family producer and can be obtained from your fine wine merchant or by telephoning (02) 698 5155.



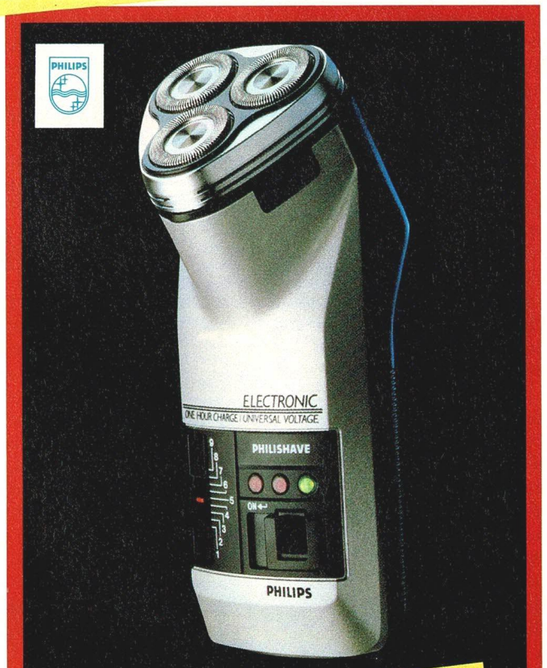
Quality and innovation come with JVC's GR-C11EA videomovie camera and HR-D755EA video cassette recorder. VHS compatible, the GR-C11EA at 950 gm is small enough to fit into any Christmas stocking. Top-of-the-line HR-D755EA is Hi Fi, with LCD remote control, super still picture and a one-year timer!



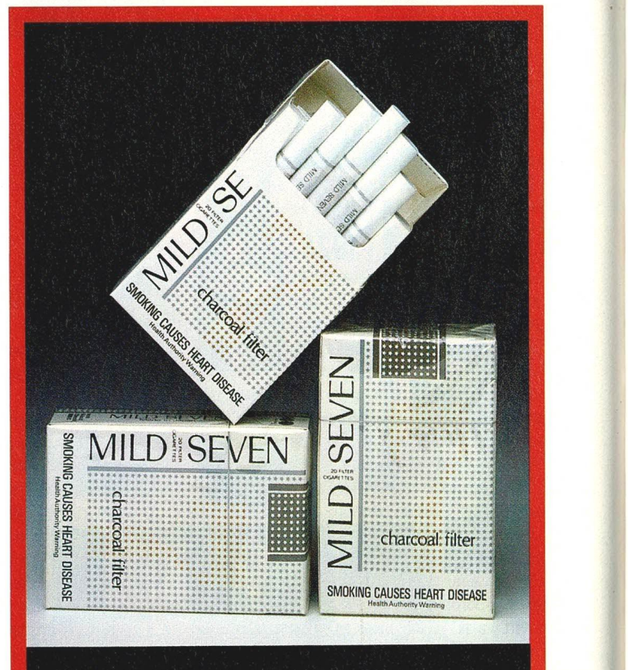
The perfect Swiss watch from Benetton, with Italian design by Bulova, for only $89.50, has three face sizes, is fully repairable, water resistant to 30 metres, has metal cases, quality Hirsch straps which won't discolor. From leading jewellers and department stores.



The ideal Xmas present designed by you- know-who – three pairs of 100 percent cotton bikini briefs. Available from: Big W, Grace Bros, Target. Retail price: around $8.00.



The Philishave Electronic rechargeable/mains shaver features a one-hour quick charge for up to two weeks' shaving. The unique "lift, hold and cut" with nine comfort settings for a smoother, closer shave. The Philishave range at leading department stores and electrical outlets from $39 to $199.



Mild Seven is Japan's best selling cigarette. The taste is mild and rich, and the slight charcoal aroma harmonises well with the taste of flue-cured Virginia leaf tobacco. Imported and distributed by Philip Morris Limited.

Australia

(continued from page 54)

"What about green and gold condoms, Gino?" one of the girls called.

Jennie, Gino's head hooker, was as unimpressed as the boys.

"Green and gold! You must be joking! I'll never wear that," she said.

"I have seen you in green, on St Patrick's Day. You looked nice," Gino replied. Why is everyone being so difficult, he wondered.

"That was business," Jennie said.

"This is business too."

"The girls won't have it, Gino. I promise you."

Young people, Gino thought as he looked around, they do not seem to show enthusiasm for anything. This will get them.

With a flourish he ripped open the cartons by the stage. Out spilled leotards and sweat shirts, dresses and tank tops, stockings and garter belts. In leather, in cotton, in nylon, in plastic. And all in green and gold.

Free clothes. It was jelly and ice cream to the girls. They rushed at them, giggling and grabbing.

"Not here, girls, not here!" Gino called.

They ignored him, tossing off their own clothes to wriggle into the greens and golds of Australia. Within seconds the bar was alive with breasts, bums and professional pussy.

The postie with the afternoon delivery could not believe his luck.

"What about green and gold condoms, Gino?" one of the girls called.

Gino spent the next couple of days visiting his tenants to explain the Gino Pisani Bicentennial Package. New paint inside and out, green and gold of course, for what Gino considered a very modest rent increase, nominal really, hardly cover costs.

No one seemed pleased to see him. One young man with a vicious orange haircut called him a capitalist wog.

"Wog! I may not have had the good fortune to be born in this country but I am proud to call myself an Aussie," Gino shouted back. "I do things for my country. My taxes pay for you. Look at you. What are you, a man from Mars! What have you done to make your country proud? Or even your mother proud?"

And while Gino pleaded and pressured his tenants into acceptance, his sons schemed ways to derail his runaway Bicentennial engine.

They tried the arguments out loud.

It would be bad for business. No, it would not — remember the days of the stars and stripes.

It would cost too much money. No good — Luke checked and the old man had already bought most of the paint, all at a good price.

Later that afternoon, he received a brief phone call from Donovon. While Gino pondered what to do, he rat-a-tat-tatted the paper knife on the gold horse-and-jockey pen set that was placed centre stage on his desk. It was a beautiful and generous gift from a former state political figure who now lived in the sunshine of Noosa Heads. The inscription read, "To Gino with all my gratitude. May, 1975." It would have been a more generous gift if the giver had had the courage to inscribe his own name on it too, Gino often thought.

"Mark, I want the casinos cleaned out. Cleaned out, understand me. Not a wheel, not a card, not a chip, not a table within miles."

"What's happening, Pop?"

"Tonight we are having a wedding."

"Who's getting married."

"Your cousin, Veronica."

"But she's already married, Pop. She has been for 10 years."

"So she can be married again. Invite everyone, the whole family. Lay on the food, wedding cake, music, dancing, beer, wine. Invite them all. Tell them Gino and his sons are paying for everything."

"What do you want me to do?" Luke asked.

"Come with me. We are to have a talk with Mr Kevin Miller."

The night before, a terrified young man had crashed crazy-eyed through the kitchen of the Palace Casino and out into the yard. He hoisted himself up and over the tall brick fence, ripping open his calf on the glass and rusty iron embedded in its top.

Two blocks away, the Palace bouncers spotted him limping from the shadows. By the time he reached the dark on the other side of the street they were on him, professional and vicious. He had owed Kevin Miller of the Palace $574 and he was dead before they walked away.

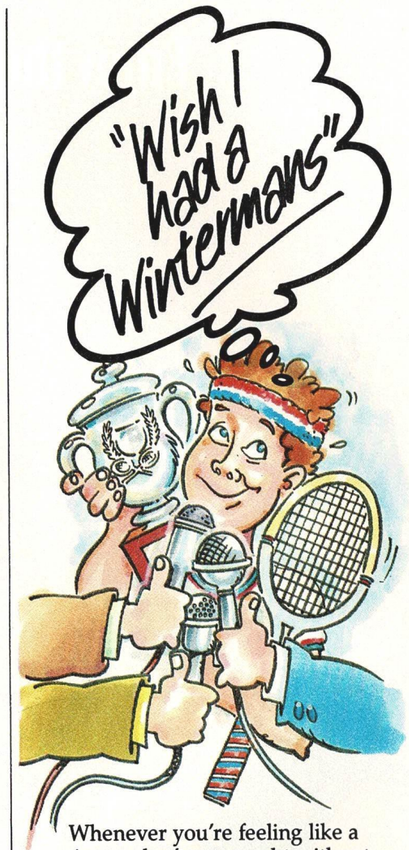
Now, confronted by Gino, Miller shouted, "So my boys got a little carried away. But the little prick got what he deserved. When Kevin Miller is owed, he gets paid."

"There was no necessity to go that far, Kevin," Gino said. "You knew him, you knew where he worked. You could have got the money by instalments."

"Where have you been, old man? I'm not a fucking bank. Now why don't you piss off and mind your own business, you old fart."

Gino smiled his famous Gino smile, wide and friendly, while his equally famous fist locked Miller's wrist to the table.

One of Miller's thugs standing off to the side with Luke glanced across uneasily. His boss's face was hidden by the tree trunk of Gino's back. He might have moved closer



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but there was something behind Luke's smile that changed his mind.

Gino leaned toward Miller, "I may be old, Mr Miller, but as you can see I am not weak.

"To flatulate is to pollute the neighborhood with hot wind expelled by an arsehole. That seems a fairer description of you, Mr Miller, not me. This is my neighborhood. This is where I do business. Don't pollute the neighborhood, Mr Miller."

Out on the street Gino was steaming. "They know nothing," he raved. "I have been here for 30 years. I have worked hard. I know people, I have friends. I have good customers. These people like Miller, they make their money on feeding drugs to healthy Aussie kids. If that does not kill them, they just murder them."

●

From a coffee shop across the street, Louise and Willie watched Gino and his son returning to the Diamond.

Willie was in love. It had happened the night Louise started at the club — instantly, passionately.

If it was true that opposites attract, Willie and Louise were made for each other: handcrafted in heaven by angels. He was hot, she cool. He dark and Mediterranean, she blonde and Australian. He had the moon tan of a night person, she the sun tan of a sports person. As Gino had said, she was classy.

There was one thing that nagged at Willie. She had lied about her last job. Willie had phoned an old friend at the Queensland casino she had used as a reference and his friend could not recall her at all.

"It's a big place, working 24 hours a day on shifts. It was hard to meet people and make friends," Louise had said when he asked her about it.

Now Willie looked at Louise across the table. This was the first time she had accepted one of his invitations to go down the street for coffee or a drink. God, she is beautiful, Willie thought.

"Is he really the big bad crime boss they say he is?" she asked as Gino bounced out of sight through the Diamond door.

"He's not bad, but he's big."

"Tell me about him," she asked, and he did.

●

The vice squad hit Gino's place that night just as he had been told they would. A dozen detectives, all armed, came through the front door. Another five up through the basement.

"Cowboys," Gino muttered as they pushed over tables and customers. They were led by a young ginger detective named Downie. He had replaced Donovon on the street. He looked hard, fast and clever.

Downie went straight to the doors of the casino, now gilded in green leather and gold trim, and kicked them open.

Whatever he expected to find inside, it was not an Italian wedding.

The music stuttered to a stop. The dancers turned to stare. One of the bridesmaids giggled.

"What the fuck's going on here?" Downie snapped.

"Welcome to our new reception and banquet room," Gino said. "What do you think of the decor? Everything you see is made in Australia."

"Except some of the guests," Luke added.

Downie towered over Gino. The pistol he held chest high pushed into Gino's jaw.

"Smart old fart, aren't you? I'm going to get you — you and your mates."

Gino did not like the way he emphasised "mates". It was sinister.

"Relax, Inspector. Let me buy you and the boys a drink and a steak," Gino said.

But the squad was already leaving: this time, angry and silent.

Gino was acknowledging the applause from his family and friends, when Willie interrupted. Gino was needed urgently at the Rushcutters Bay club.

"What is up?" Gino asked.

"John wouldn't say. He sounded bloody upset."

"Okay. Come with me."

At the wheel, Willie squealed Gino's Mercedes out of the alley and booted it toward Rushcutters Bay.

It was quiet when they arrived there and drove down the tiny street toward the club. Then Willie spotted John, the club's manager, climbing out of his car. Gino called him over.

"Hi, Gino, what's the drama?"

"You tell me, John."

"You called me, Gino. I was enjoying a night at home, the first in years."

Gino froze. "Is there anyone inside?" he asked quickly.

"Only old Joe and his missus cleaning up. What's wrong?"

"Everything! We have to get them out!" he shouted and ran toward the club.

Before he reached the front door, the plastics in the cellar ripped the building apart in a flash of flame and exploding glass and bricks. Inside, Joe and his wife were turned into fireballs. Outside, Gino, declared war on Miller.

During the following weeks the police busted dozens of gambling joints. They pressured hookers off the streets. They squeezed hard on the drug dealers.

Old hands like Gino went underground and let the Downie juggernaut roll over the top. The small and the arrogant got crushed. And none more than Miller. As if guided by X-ray, the police closed down all his operations one by one, even tracing dirty money through to his clean enterprises.

Gino was well pleased. Setting up Miller had cost him a lot of money and just about every favor he had coming. But when he heard that Miller had finally disappeared, he knew it had been worth it.

To celebrate, Gino joined his sons, Willie, Louise and a few regulars gossiping at the bar. The raid on the "wedding" was a month old, the green and golding of his

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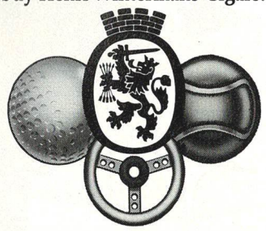

HENRI WINTERMANS
Sporting Chance

Only persons over 18 years of age may enter

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empire was finished, and now they pestered Gino to reopen. Life was dull, not to mention unprofitable, without it.

Gino called Donovon to check if it was safe yet, but he could not get through. When he returned, Mark said, "Shall we do it now, Luke?"

"He's waited 40 years, he can wait a few more," Luke grinned.

Then he held up his hands for attention. "As everyone here knows our old man is probably the most patriotic man in Australia. Yet he has never had one of these."

Luke handed Gino an envelope. Inside was a brand-new Australian passport.

"Luke and I tricked him into signing the papers. He thought he was buying more green and gold paint," Mark explained.

"Here's to Gino Pisani, Australian."

Louise thought Gino would cry. His eyes had turned misty and he held the passport to his chest.

"I will tell the truth," he said. "I have been too frightened to ask for citizenship. I thought that because of my, eh, reputation they would refuse me.

"This is truly a great day!"

Suddenly he climbed on to the bar, tugged up his crisp white shirt cuffs with a showman's flourish, then deftly stood on his hands.

Then he walked the length of the bar upside down. Everyone hooted and clapped.

"There's no stopping the old bugger," Luke laughed.

Gino turned at the far end and walked back, still on his hands. He stopped in front of his audience.

"I think it is time we were back in business. We open the clubs tonight."

His audience hollered their approval. With that he flipped over, landing square and safe, if a little breathless.

Just then Donovon, accompanied by two other detectives, walked in.

Gino was thrilled, "Don, my old friend, come in, come in."

"Gino Pisani," announced one of the junior detectives, "I arrest you on charges of illegal gambling, prostitution. . . "

Gino stared in disbelief at Donovon as the young detective read Gino his rights.

"I'm sorry, Gino, it was your arse or mine," Donovon murmured.

"Fuck you!" Gino hissed and fixed his hard gaze on Donovon till he squirmed. Later Louise would recall it was the first time she had ever heard him swear.

Donovon seemed to have sagged even more in the past few weeks. Downie and his young bloods were closing in fast. He knew it. Doors had shut around him. People had stopped talking. He was left out of meetings. Last week he had been shuffled out to a country station to investigate small-time illegal raffles.

So he did the only thing he figured he could. He was going to present Downie with Gino's head. Then he would advise his superiors of his sudden intention to retire early, the well-used escape route for a cop in trouble. He believed he was home free.

Right now he just had to nail down Pisani. Then he saw that Gino's eyes had slipped past him. He turned. There stood Miller.

Sunlight from Gino's new green windows splashed across one side of his haggard, unshaven face. He swayed a little as if he had been drinking or doping.

"Gino Pisani," he slurred. "The great Gino Pisani, king of East Sydney. A man not to be fooled with, they said. I didn't believe them but you sure made a fool out of me."

He took a stiff step forward.

"But I reckon you're just an old fart. An old fart I'm going to blow away!"

Suddenly Miller's machine-gun swung up from his side and spat bullets and flame.

Gino saw it coming. Maybe his reactions were sharper than most, or maybe a lifetime of living with dangerous people gave him an instinct. Whatever the reason Gino had ducked behind Donovon before Miller had levelled the gun. He locked Donovon's arms to his side and held the policeman up like a target to Miller's mad gun. The bullets thudded into Donovon's chest.

Miller stopped firing and Gino let the body drop. Then he stood — he did not run or even turn — defiant and exposed in front of Miller.

Miller fired another burst. Gino fell back, dead. At the same instant Miller was killed by a single bullet fired by Louise, crouched like a professional behind the bar.

"Bugger!" Downie said when he arrived on the scene. "I wanted all of them for the courts."

He turned to Louise and smiled sympathetically, "Three months undercover blown away in three minutes."

"I had enough on Donovon as well as Gino," she replied.

"That's just the way it goes," Downie said.

Then he walked over to Gino's body. He looked down at it and the Australian passport pinned to the old man's chest with blood.

"It's 1988 and we're cleaning up this town," he announced.

"All right, Jim, let's accept for the sake of argument your preposterous notion that money isn't everything."

BARBIE

(continued from page 95)

Most people are mugs about good steaks. They'll eat the windowpane variety and bitch they're dry.

is) is to dunk the halves of the bird into a sweet or cream sherry briefly before barbecuing and (as well as brushing with melted butter) dribbling a little more of the sherry over the halves as they are being cooked. The sugar in the sherry gives a nice glazed touch to the skin. The sherry doesn't have to be of any great vintage; I always use shearer's quality myself.

One style that was almost impossible to attempt in this country before covered cookers appeared on the scene was the Texas pit barbecue, because it worked on a combination of firepit heat and woodsmoke. If you are going to have a go at Texas ribs you have to own a barbecue that burns charcoal and has a lid that closes so that you get the charsmoke effect.

The standard meat for this style of cooking is a slab of beef ribs. These are in fact the lower ribs of beef from 5 to 10cm wide, running more or less the length of the beef carcass. This cut of meat isn't sold in Australia generally because it's all part and parcel of the cut sold here as a rolled rib roast, so you'll have to ask for it specially. Unfortunately it is a difficult cut to explain to an Australian butcher unless you've got a side of beef hanging up in front of you both. Australian butchers, by and large, deny such a cut exists and get totally smartarsed if you try to explain. This is one of the reasons that the red meat industry is losing out to the wet chicken faction. You can buy a chook these days without being told you are a dickhead.

Anyway let's assume you've got hold of a length of beef ribs. The second problem is that most Texas barbecue sauces are said to be secret, which of course is a load of rubbish. They are quite easily made. Here is one more or less standard marinade sauce:

One cup of vegetable oil, 4 cloves garlic (crushed), 2 large grated onions, 1 cup tomato paste, half cup white vinegar, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, half cup Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon dry mustard, mixed with water to a smooth cream, chilli powder *to taste*, some water.

Mix all the ingredients together in a saucepan and heat slowly until the onion has dissolved and the rest of the ingredients have formed a smooth sauce. If it appears to be too thick, add more water (the water measurement is deliberately inexact).

The heat of the sauce depends on the amount of chilli powder added. Work out your own personal preference. In Texas, where they are bloody silly about these things, they make this sort of sauce hot enough to cause a nuclear meltdown. If that's your bag, follow the idiots, but at the same time try to remember the taste buds of your friends; they might not be quite so bloody macho (for macho read stupid).

This sauce, once cooled, can be stored in the refrigerator for about a week, but not much longer because after that length of time the onion starts to sour.

Place the ribs on a large tray or serving plate and brush on all sides with the sauce. Leave to stand for about half an hour, then place on the rack of a lidded barbecue over moderate coals and close the lid. Every now and then coat the ribs with more sauce and turn them frequently.

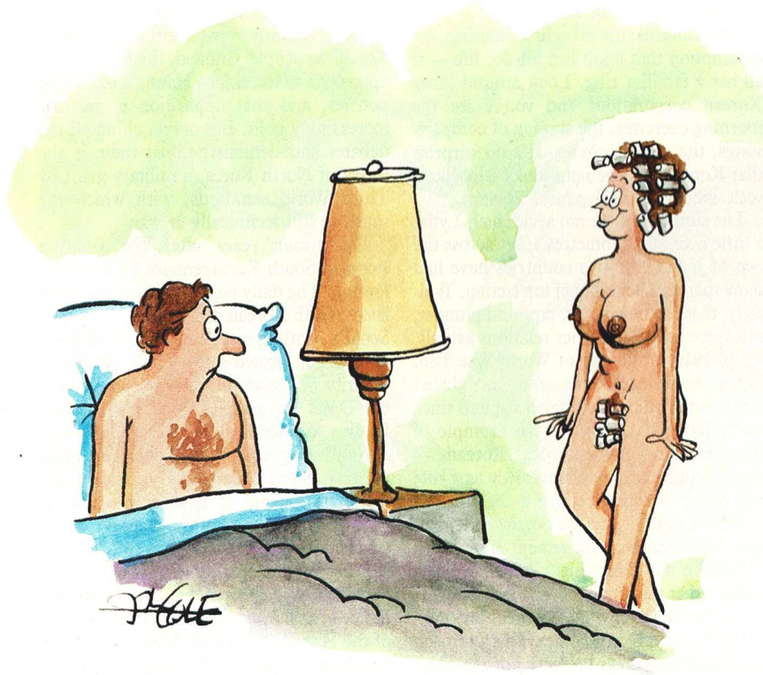
For perfection the ribs should be crisp, *almost* burnt on the outside and juicy on the inside. They should have a definite smoked flavor about them. This is one of those barbecue dishes that it is quite hard to get right the first time, but the flavor is so different to our usual idea of barbecue that it is worth while. And make sure you get top quality meat (it will cost you damn near as much as sirloin on the bone). Otherwise it simply isn't worth it.

As to steak itself, a good piece of rump or equally good and thick T-bone should be left alone. Mind you, they should be at least 2-3cm thick. Those dreadful windowpane cuts of steak that most butchers try to flog you are not worth grilling, whether on a barbecue or a gas stove. I hate to say this but most people are mugs about good steaks. They will eat the windowpane variety every week and bitch about the fact they're dry and tasteless. I'd rather eat just one good steak a month than eat rubbish every day.

Steak is the one piece of meat I believe should come unadorned to the barbecue flame. And after being cooked, all it needs is either a little English or French mustard or perhaps a dab of herb butter to brighten it up.

Herb butter is ridiculously easy to make. You let some butter soften at room temperature and then mix it with fresh green herbs — chives and parsley are the most easily obtained, although fresh tarragon is good if you can find the stuff. These herb butters are also good on chicken and pork chops. If you like a stronger flavor combine finely chopped parsley with two to three cloves of chopped garlic. These butters can be made in advance and hardened up again in the refrigerator, but remember to wrap them well either in silverfoil or plastic wrap. The garlic variety is especially pungent and can do peculiar things to other food stored there.

The above are merely a few ideas for better tasting barbecue food. But in common with most other forms of cookery, the outcome hinges on the amount of preparation *before* heat is applied. Open coals don't make food taste good if the whole approach is slapdash. Burnt meat on a stick is burnt meat on a stick — basically very boring. But with the use of marinades, plus some loving care in the cooking itself, you can transform that lump of dead dog into a rather memorable meal.



KOREA *(continued from page 42)*

"We are all alike. We all understand we must work hard, very hard, if we are to survive."

Bangladesh and India, Koreans are educated (they boast a 95 percent literacy rate, among the highest in the world) and dedicated.

And it isn't only the Chungs of Korea who put in the long hours. White-collar workers commonly work *more than* 60 hours a week. At Daewoo, which in addition to computers produces ships, pianos, T-shirts, components for the American F-16 fighter jet and thousands of other products, office workers get Sundays off. Period. They also have an annual holiday of three days, one of which is Sunday. While there's a company policy granting them one additional day off each month, most workers decline the holiday, opting instead for a cash bonus. As Daewoo executive S.B. Lee puts it, "We all feel very responsible for the company's performance, so — if we have nothing else to do — most of us prefer to take our holiday at our desk."

It's not just the workers who sacrifice. Kim Woo Chung, Daewoo's chairman and founder, is a spartan of commerce who works 12-to-15 hour days and travels more than 200 days a year. He reportedly has not taken a holiday in the 20 years since he started the company. And for that, he draws a salary of about $100,000 a year — no stock options, no bonuses. Profits, according to Kim, are for reinvesting.

The company always comes first, even if Kim has to find some surprising rationales for that policy. "Daewoo people, including myself, believe that working diligently does not harm the family," he once said. "Indeed, I feel that the destruction of family life occurs due to immoral conduct, when there is too much free time."

It would be fine if we could treat this as nothing more than a cultural peculiarity — Indians let their cows run loose in streets, the Americans drive on the right, and Koreans work like pack mules. Unfortunately, like the Japanese before them, the Koreans will have a direct impact on our jobs. While Hyundai puts affordable cars in driveways all over the country, other Korean companies have teamed up with American firms (Daewoo is making cars inexpensively for GM and Kia is churning them out for Ford) and that might be a smart move for Ford and GM, but if it happens in Australia, our auto workers should be nervous. Very nervous.

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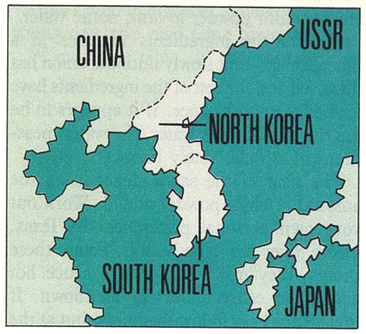
"Why do the Koreans put up with it?" is the normal gut reaction to all this. In modern business parlance, the query becomes, "What is it about the Korean style of management that motivates workers so profoundly?"

Ask Y.K. Kim, a 27-year-old technician on Samsung's VCR line at Suwon, an hour's drive from Seoul. Enjoying a cigarette during his afternoon break, Kim laughs at the idea that his 11-hour workday is unusual. He's happy because he makes $450 a month and expects to move into the company's free dorms soon. Even more important, Samsung offers on-the-job training that could bring him raises, promotions and more exciting work.

Like the 50 or so other young men on break, Kim is dressed in a dark-blue uniform. The office staff has its own uniform. And on the color TV line, the young women wear blue jumpers and tan



scarves. The scarves also serve as a subtle indication of rank: workers' are trimmed in blue, supervisors' in white.

The uniforms, the subsidised housing, the assumption that a job is a job for life — it all has a familiar ring. Look around other Korean corporations and you'll see the morning exercises, the singing of company songs, the quality circles. It's no surprise that Korean management looks a lot like a scale model of the Japanese system.

The similarities are not accidental. Lying a little over 160 kilometres apart across the Sea of Japan, the two countries have had more than a millennium of interaction. Typically, that has meant war, rape and plunder, but there have been other relations as well. From 1910 to the end of World War Two, Japan occupied Korea and introduced 20th-century industrial practices; and since then, Japan has served as an example of manufacturing prowess. Most Koreans — even though they are chauvinistic as a rule and fiercely so when it comes to the Japanese — proudly admit they've borrowed wholesale the Japanese management style.

They're not alone. Australians have also crammed at the school of Japanese management, but many of these practices are obviously ill-suited Down Under. This approach flourishes in Korea, however, for the same cultural reasons that it works in Japan: the workers share a common history and common values.

"It isn't necessary to motivate Koreans," says Shin Young Chul, managing director of the Korea Management Association. "We are all alike. We all understand we must work hard, very hard, if we are to survive."

It's easy to watch news reports of students demonstrating in the streets and assume that Korea is a divided society. But the ties that bind Korea go beyond political differences. Because they have the same roots and they understand one another, because Confucian traditions include an abiding respect for authority and a love of harmony, they basically get along with each other. And they also have other strong reasons for minimising their differences.

"We have to have a warm atmosphere here in the office," Lucky-Goldstar's Choi Young Taek says. We are relaxing in a cosy meeting room on the 17th floor of the Lucky-Goldstar Building across from the Seoul train station. The office next door, however, is a different world. It's crowded and chaotic. Desks are jammed side-by-side, face-to-face. Choi, who is a manager for public relations, does not enjoy a separate office or even a low partition. He has two subordinates' desks flanking his and six more just a couple of metres away. Another bank of desks lies beyond and others beyond that — perhaps 30 desks in all.

"Korean workers select a company, first of all, on the basis of office atmosphere," Choi claims. "Money comes second." Why? "Because we spend so much time in the office, we see our fellow workers more than we see our real families. So the office must be like a family, too."

That sense of family doesn't end with the office. It extends over the entire country of 42 million people. Granted, there is genuine opposition to Chun Doo Hawan's dictatorial policies, and that opposition is growing increasingly bold. But over-arching all the debates and demonstrations, there is the threat of North Korea, a military giant by Third World standards, with which the south is still technically at war.

Thirty-four years after the fighting stopped, South Korea remains on a military footing. The daily papers carry word of the latest North Korean provocation. Posters in Seoul's bustling restaurants exhort citizens to report suspected spies. The military and security police are on duty not only along the DMZ but on city street corners and freeway toll booths. And even the civilians ape military protocol: hotel doormen salute patrons. Shipbuilders at Hyundai Heavy Industries salute a new ship as it is christened. Executives at Daewoo salute Chairman Kim.

A defensive mentality even runs through Seoul's new development. City expansion has been heavily concentrated in areas south of the Han River, according to a long-time American resident of Seoul, "because people here still remember what happened when the North Koreans invaded in 1950. They blew up the bridges and anyone caught on the north side of the river went through hell."

The threats don't come from just one direction. "Ironically, we owe much of our success to the North Koreans," Korea Management Association's Shin claims. "But also the Japanese. We are eager to work hard, because we want to beat the Japanese."

The Koreans are fixated on competing with their island neighbors. They view the North Koreans as powerful and a little wacko — a genuine short-term threat. But recalling what has happened to their country over the centuries, they see a long-term danger in Japanese economic domination. And they are passionate about it. "We are poorer than the Japanese," says a Hyundai spokesman. "Our technology is less advanced. If we are to beat them, we must work harder. When they work eight hours, we must work more. Much more."

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While the Korean government tries to deal with its unruly opposition, the Korean commercial family — welded together by a common heritage, common enemies and common poverty — remains tightly knit. But any therapist will tell you that a close family is not necessarily a healthy family. And Korea's clans show clear signs of pathology.

Harry Kamberis, who heads the Seoul office of the Asian-American Free Labor Institute, is familiar with the peculiar psychology of the Korean economy.

"Managers here like to talk about the entrepreneurial spirit in Korea and about how one guy created Hyundai out of nothing," he says. "Well, he didn't create it out of nothing. He created it out of personal contacts with people in power. I've seen the kind of government incentives they have to do things or not do things. The government decides how these guys are going to act."

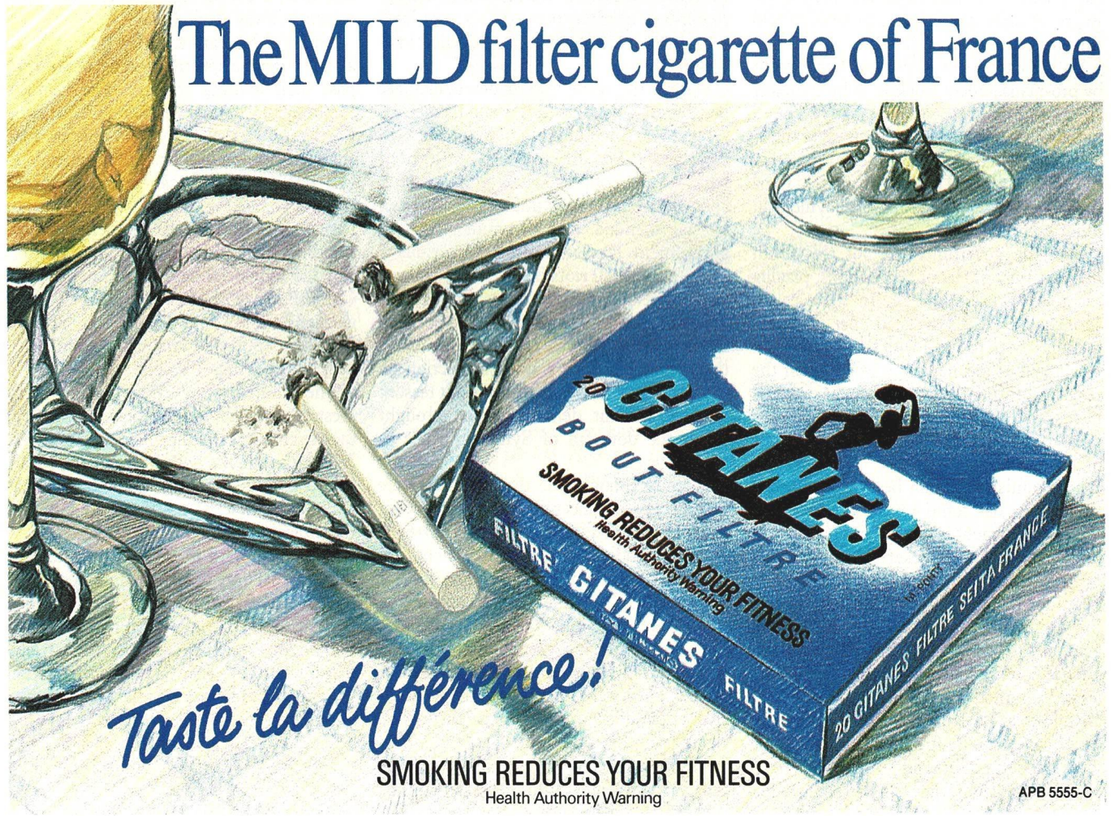
Government interference in private business is staggering by our standards. Bureaucrats control imports, exports, loans, wage levels and takeovers. Perhaps the most legendary example of Korea's state-controlled capitalism came about in the '70s, when the late President Park Chung Hee asked Daewoo chairman Kim to take over a shipyard that was half-finished and deeply in the red. Kim demurred. Undeterred, Park announced the takeover anyway, while Kim was out of the country.

Korean officials and the *chaebol* seem to have reached an accommodation, with the government wearing the pants in the relationship. But in any family, not everyone gets to be Mum and Dad. Put government and the *chaebol* and labor together and guess who becomes the kids. And, as in families everywhere, Korean parental authority is based on a murky blend of love, understanding, gentle cajoling, brute force and terror.

Day-to-day, the *chaebol* looks after the workers. At the Samsung industrial park at Suwon, employees have a clinic with two doctors in attendance; they enjoy lunchrooms with free hot meals and a soccer pitch they can use in their minimal free time. Across the highway are the subsidised apartments and dorms. The conglomerates also show a certain sensitivity to the events that are important in a Korean's life. In those companies that have labor contracts, there are often relatively liberal holidays for family obligations. For his own wedding, an employee gets seven days off; for a grandparent's 60th birthday, one day; for the death of a grandparent, five days.

At the same time, though, *chaebol* control often translates into petty and offensive intrusions on workers' lives. Hyundai men are instructed to keep their hair trimmed above the ears. Women who work for Korea Air, part of the Hanjin group, are forbidden to wear blue jeans — even *off* the job. Workers at both Hyundai and Daewoo have been forced to take part in company-sponsored savings programs, which is painfully like have your father invest a quarter of your allowance in savings bonds.

Young people entering the work force undergo the worst exploitation. "The companies use a system that was popular in the early days of the industrial revolution," Kamberis explains. "They have dormitories so that they can keep the workers — typi-



cally young girls — entrapped on the compound. They have forced overtime, so that they work 12 to 14 hours a day, six and sometimes seven days a week. They don't leave until their supervisor leaves and if he decides to stay and stay and stay, then they stay.''

The garment industry is among the most notorious in Korea. Those fashionable Korean-made clothes are often made in sweatshops using the two-tier system. ''You take a regular size room with a very low ceiling,'' explains a labor economist, ''and put in a second floor, so you get twice as many people in the room. That's really common.''

For the past two decades, South Korean workers have suffered from the highest rates of job-related accidents and deaths. Child labor still exists, and wages remain very, very poor. It's not uncommon for the wages, even in *chaebol*-related companies, to be under 100,000 won (roughly $180) per month, which is considerably below subsistence level.

Problems also exist with rampant tuberculosis and other occupational diseases. Working long hours, with few breaks, handling hazardous materials in poorly ventilated and inadequately lit areas, some laborers become permanently handicapped.

The US-based Asiawatch group has detailed horror stories of Korean management: laborers forced to work 24-hour shifts, company stores that charge more than off-site retailers, workers docked three days' wages for a one-day absence, factories so cold that workers suffered frostbite.

Labor activists in Korea risk harassment by pro-management workers or by company thugs. Griping workers have been kidnapped, beaten with lead pipes, sexually abused, taken on long car rides, dumped at the edge of town. They are also likely to be fired and blacklisted from employment at other companies.

And the government is not shy about inviting itself into labor negotiations, playing the role of disciplinarian. In some cases, activists have been arrested *after* an agreement has been reached with the corporation. But arrest is too neutral a word when the result is beatings, electric shocks, cigarette burns, water torture. Organisers can also be pressed into the army for extended periods of ''purification''.

The punishment can be even harsher if the activist has some advanced education. ''The government is freaked out by the idea of the students and workers joining forces,'' explains a priest who's worked just outside Seoul for the past three years. ''So they've made it illegal for university students and graduates to take jobs as laborers.'' But there are not enough jobs for graduates, so many are forced into blue-collar jobs, where they are known as ''disguised workers''. If they're caught they can be fired for falsifying their work documents. And if they've been caught organising, they can be sentenced to an automatic two years in prison.

The *chaebol* are publicity sensitive on the subject of workers' rights, because they have an embarrassing record and because they stand to lose crucial trade preferences from the US if Congress finds them in violation of internationally accepted labor standards. When asked, the *chaebol* will explain that unions aren't necessary. When difficulties arise, there are management-worker committees that resolve them.

But in a country where (low) wages and (long) hours are set by the government, what kinds of problems do such committees tackle? At the Hyundai Motor Company, spokesmen could offer only one example: workers on the assembly line complained about the company policy stipulating military-short hair for men. Too much money and too much of their free time was going toward haircuts. After deliberating, the committee announced a new policy: a company barber would roam the assembly line, providing subsidised trimming.

Unions do exist in Korea and some have limited clout. But when collective bargaining takes on political cast, when it is tied to the opposition or affects a favored export industry, President Chun takes a very hard line.

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Many Koreans have learned to love their work, and most of the rest have learned to keep their mouths shut. But Korea is facing a crisis. Because a technological society requires education, because it's very hard to make people both smart and docile, times are changing.

Behind the move toward democracy are the students, who have ideas and the organisation to do something about them. In these turbulent days, they are also very vocal, which, in a country where torture is an everyday event, shows unusual courage. In its ham-handed and paranoid way, the government takes the students seriously. During the 1980 riots in the south-western city of Kwangju, the military killed — depending on who tells the story — between 200 and 2000 people, mostly students. If that seems like a very skittish reaction on Chun's part, it's not entirely without reason: massive student demonstrations brought about the downfall of Syngman Rhee in 1960.

If Chun thought the threat of massacre might act as a disincentive to further protest, he was mistaken. This past northern summer, students throughout the country were taunting the man responsible for Kwangju. On the quiet days, thousands of them were marching. On the other days, they were throwing gas bombs, blocking traffic, tearing up pavements to bombard the police. They were mixing it with the security apparatus, even though they were risking another Kwangju.

All that makes for a very anxious prosperity in Korea. And the anxiety builds with every tick of the Olympic clock. The world-wide focus on Seoul is being exploited by the opposition, which is pressing for democratic reforms and a direct presidential election in 1988, when Chun is scheduled to step aside. But the police and the military and the *chaebol* have ample reason for holding tenaciously to traditional labor and political relations. After you rail against their methods, you must inevitably return to one bright, hard truth: they have succeeded, with a vengeance.

From a Western standpoint, especially as far as the Americans are concerned, it would be lovely if the Korean economy exploded from all the forces welling up inside it. In the short term, it would mean one less strain on the balance of payments and Americans would not have to compete against qualified laborers who work grindingly long hours for subsistence wages.

But that relief would pass quickly. Korea matters most not as an industrial powerhouse, but as a harbinger, as the first robin of a bleak new season in international business. If (or, in some minds, *when*) the lid blows off in Seoul and its economy falters, the Western worker will still be facing tough new competition. In fact, many Koreans complain that Korean workers are already too expensive. At the huge Hyundai shipyard in Ulsan, they say that in 10 years or so, the Indians and Pakistanis, who work for a fraction of Korean wages, will be taking away ship and oil-rig contracts, in the same way that, a decade ago, the Koreans took contracts away from Japan.

And, the Koreans say, if you want to see a real economic spectre, look to their north, past their feuding cousins. The People's Republic of China has a billion people, who work very, very cheaply. Not only do they share a common heritage but they respond very well to the slightest capitalistic incentives, as changes in their agricultural output have shown. Recent retrenchment notwithstanding, the old hard-liners are dying off and the industrial base is improving. The Chinese have been exporting quality garments for some time; and now, a Samsung employee anxiously points out, they're exporting TV sets.

The Chinese won't threaten too many Western jobs next year or the year after. But they're coming, and they'll be hard to shake. And, although it's nothing to pin your fears on, it's worth noting that Beijing has announced that it may want to host the Olympics in the year 2000. Maybe the Chinese just want to invite the world over for the usual orgy of sports and flag-waving. On the other hand, maybe they think it'll be time for a coming-out party, a presentation to the world of another industrially mature nation — only this time, that nation will be backed by the muscles and brains of one-fifth of the human race.

Start counting.

SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

Recently I started going out with a lady in her forties. I am now in my fifties, divorced, and have been on my own for five years. I had a bit of trouble the first time we attempted to have sex. I didn't immediately get an erection — frankly I could have done with a bit of help but she didn't seem to want to do anything to arouse me and just seemed to get angry when nothing happened. It was all rather humiliating but, like a fool, I had a second attempt some time later and this time was able to get the equipment to work — with no more help from her than the first time around.

We have now entered into a pattern which I still find rather unsatisfactory. My partner is very unresponsive and needs a lot of persuading to even agree to have sex. Then when we get there, she won't do anything that is the least bit out of the ordinary. I worked on her to be allowed to perform oral sex on her. Eventually she gave in and seemed to quite enjoy it. She climaxed — with far more enthusiasm than ever before. But she offered nothing in return and as soon as it was over she was back to making disparaging remarks about sex being a waste of time.

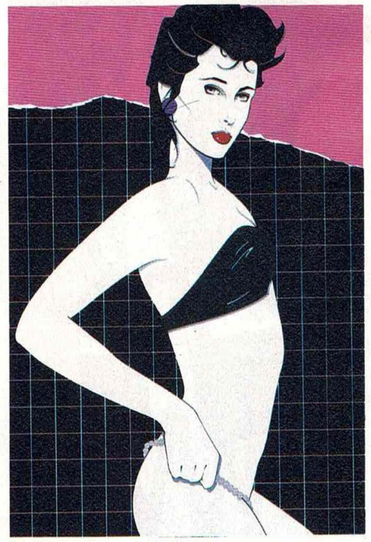
She wants us to marry but, although we do get on quite well, the sex business worries me. In my former marriage sex was always a problem and this time around — if there is to be a second time — I was hoping for something a little more loving. Do you think she may change her attitude? Is there anything I can do? I am very patient with her and do understand that she grew up with very inhibited ideas about sex which aren't so easy to change. I'm just not so sure I want to live with them.

— F.O., Tas.

I can't say I blame you for feeling rather put off by her lack of interest. Sex is not the be-all and end-all but, after one failed marriage, it's natural you would dream of having a sexy, loving wife. You do sound like a patient, kind man and I am sure you deserve the physical love you crave. The question of whether she is likely to change her sexual attitude has a lot to do with motivation.

There are women who do manage to overcome years of inhibition and sexual lack of interest, sometimes with the aid of a sex therapist. But they do so because they *want* to change and are willing to work on it. When a woman has decided sex is over-rated she will often use this as a means of putting down anyone with a more healthy sexual appetite. She sees her attitude as normal and hence will always succeed in making you feel demanding and over-sexed. That is tough to live with and since you have not yet married, you still have a chance to decide if you wish to put up with it or opt out.

Perhaps it would be worth talking openly to her about your feelings, and explaining how frustrated you feel when she is totally unwilling to return the lovemaking you so willingly offer her. What she needs to understand is that you are not complaining about lack of physical pleasure but rather you miss the shared closeness that comes from being with someone you know desires to please you. You have to decide how important that is to you and whether your relationship will compensate in other ways if she fails to respond to your request for change. There are many, many single women in your age



group who would share your interest in a more physical relationship. So don't despair, if this doesn't work out, I am sure you will find someone willing and eager to please you.

I am recently married (very happily) and we have a great sex life. However, I am still a little bit inhibited — my husband is the only man I have been with and, although we have been having sex for a number of years, I feel I have a lot to learn.

I have very large breasts and have always been very self-conscious about them. My husband loves them and he is gradually convincing me that maybe they aren't so bad. I always wanted to have them reduced but he won't hear of it. For a long time I wouldn't even let him look at me with the lights on but now I quite enjoy the look in his eye when he sees me undressed. I am gradually learning to stop covering myself up so much. I used to wear really loose clothes but now I am getting into some slightly more fitted gear and I even bought myself a bikini, much to his delight.

My question concerns sex. I know he would love it if I were to use my breasts more during sex. He occasionally hints that he wants me to use them but I don't really know what he means. Can you explain? I would love some ideas to use to surprise him.

— S.A., WA.

One great thing you can do is use your breasts to caress his body. Tell your husband you have a special treat in store for him, undress him and then have him lie on his stomach. Then undress yourself — make sure he knows he is not supposed to be looking. He will hear the sounds of clothing dropping to the ground, zips being opened. Draw it out, whispering encouragement about the surprise you have in store. Then carefully position yourself above his body, legs straddling his but taking care not to touch. Now lean forward, balancing on your hands, elbows bent, and lower yourself over his back so that your nipples just faintly touch his skin. Now, by moving your body over his you can use your nipples and breasts to caress his entire body, down the back, over the buttocks and upper thighs, along his arms. If you start with a feather-like touch, the tickling sensation will drive him crazy, particularly when he realises it is those much-loved breasts which are giving him all the pleasure. You may like to then turn him over and do the same thing to his chest. Play around with his nipples, having your nipples caress his. The fact he will then be able to see what's happening will add to his excitement. Men who like large breasts love to watch them move and swing. Indulge him.

(Note: For women who are rather less well endowed, you too can use this technique. We all have nipples and these are the real source of sensation in this delicate form of massage.)

You may also like to try using some massage oil over both your bodies, so you can rub your whole body against his. Use your breasts to encircle his penis, holding them together and then moving so the penis slides in and out your cleavage. One good position to use for this is to lie on your back with your husband kneeling astride you, with one knee on either side of your chest. It's then easy for you to cup your breasts on either side with your hands and surround his penis. When your breasts are slippery this should provide him with a delicious sensation.

You should also keep an eye out for positions which enable him to touch and fondle

your breasts. The woman-on-top squatting position is great for this and he will be able to watch and touch your breasts as you move above him.

Had enough? I'm sure he hasn't! If you use your imagination I am sure you can come up with other ways to please him with your breasts. He is a lucky man to have a wife so eager to experiment and I am glad he has helped you learn to appreciate *your* body.

Could you please give me some advice on stimulation of the prostate gland which I have heard is a very sensitive zone. If used in conjunction with penis masturbation, can it contribute to a greater climax? Are there any useful aids to assist in this style of masturbation? Please reply as masturbation is very important as I live on an isolated island.

— D.W., WA.

You can stimulate the prostate gland by inserting a finger through the anus into the rectum and pressing upwards toward the scrotum. The alternative approach involves pressuring firmly upwards on what has been called the "external prostate spot" on the perineum, the area between the scrotum and the anus. Usually this will cause a rather strange sensation to start off with and it takes some practice before it will have any effect on your arousal. You may like to experiment changing hands to see which is the better to explore the external prostate spot while the other is used to masturbate. The area you are trying to reach is buried inside your body so you have to apply quite firm pressure to have an effect. When you are in the right place you may notice that pressure pushes extra blood into your penis causing it to swell and throb pleasurably. Stimulating the prostate along with the penis apparently produces a deeper, more powerful and longer orgasm in most men. Alan P. Brauer and Donna Brauer, authors of the book *ESO* (Extended Sexual Orgasm) (Warner Books, 1983) have found that alternately stroking the penis and prostate produces high levels of continuous arousal. You may like to look at the illustrations in this book to see just where you press your fingers to apply pressure, particularly at the time of orgasm (this helps intensify orgasm) or else use rhythmic stroking, inwards and upwards toward the penis. Experiment with different amounts of upward pressure at different stages in your arousal. And have *fun!* The prostate is a gland which most men don't discover until it causes them trouble. So you might as well make the most of the good times it can provide.

I have acquired various items of female lingerie, such as suspenders, sexy looking undies, etc. I wear these in bed quite often and always when I masturbate. In fact I find it difficult to reach orgasm without the use of the lingerie as I get so turned on by wearing it.

I am now 20 years old and I have been doing this now for about six years. Is it normal for me to wear female lingerie in bed to masturbate or do I have some sort of psychological problem? I don't think I'm a transvestite as I never wear it normally, I only enjoy wearing female underwear to bed. I have never wanted to be a female instead of a male and I'm definitely not a homosexual. Could you please help me as I'm too embarrassed to discuss this with anyone else?

— J.S., Vic.

The type of fetish you describe is a form of transvestism. Many transvestites do limit their cross-dressing to certain items of female clothing such as lingerie, and wear this clothing only during sexual activity. Although some transvestites do totally cross-dress and enjoy appearing in public in female clothing, it is more common for the cross-dressing to be done in private. This has nothing to do with homosexuality. Most transvestites are heterosexual, many are married with a normal, active sex life. This type of cross-dressing also is different from

trans-sexualism where the man feels uncomfortable living in a male body. A trans-sexual will cross-dress to feel normal, a transvestite usually dresses for sexual gratification.

A sexual variation like this really isn't hurting anyone and although some people regard it as abnormal, a sexual "deviation", it really doesn't require treatment unless it is affecting other aspects of a man's life. There are plenty of perfectly happy male transvestites who sometimes cross-dress to enhance their sexual response. Many have wives or partners who are willing to indulge this fetish and let them dress during lovemaking.

But when you can't respond unless you are wearing underwear, then you have a problem and I feel you should seek help. There are techniques therapists use to help reduce the desire to cross-dress. I would suggest you find a sex therapist trained in behavior therapy techniques who could plan a program to help you. The Victorian Psychosexual Society, tel (03) 209 7544, will be able to recommend someone suitable in your area. Don't be embarrassed to seek help from such an expert. The therapist you will consult will have seen other men with similar experiences and is quite used to talking about such things.

PLAYBOY NEWS IN BRIEF

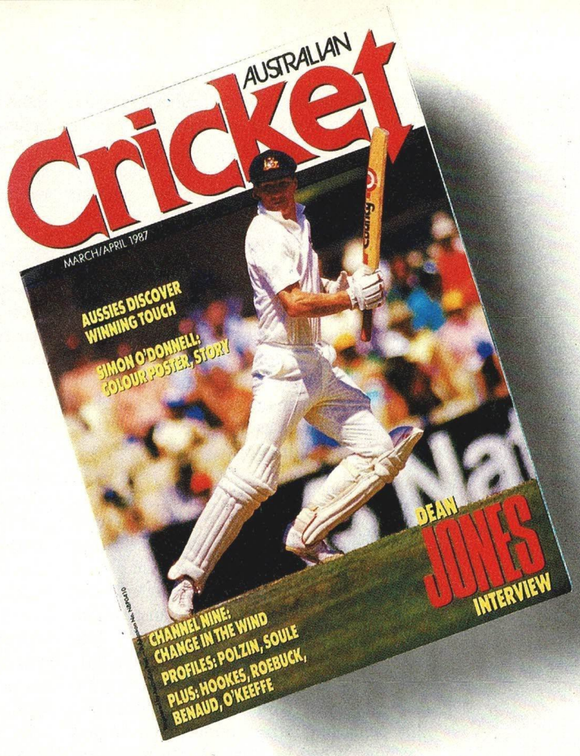
● Staying in a luxury hotel, you may expect a chocolate on the pillow or flowers at your bedside, but condoms in the bathroom? At the elegant Le Shangrila hotel in Montreal, Canada, guests will find, nestled amid the shampoo and free soap samples, condoms stamped with the hotel's insignia. Many other hotels around the world are following suit.

● While Oliver North was making headlines in the Contra hearings, all sorts of jokes were circulating about his magnetism and obvious selling power, like the suggestion he should promote condoms — Contra Condoms. Imagine the slogans: "Men! Protect the highest ranking member of your body," or "Contra Condoms — because covering up is your best defence."

● What makes men and women look good? The latest research, from psychologists at Marquette University in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, shows women under-estimate the importance to men of sex in judging a woman's attractiveness. The males tested by the psychologist considered such factors as a woman's sexual drive and sexual behavior to be important in judging her attractiveness. The men, on the other hand, didn't realise just how crucial a man's buttocks, eyes and legs were in the women's judgement of male attractiveness. The other major finding was that men have more positive attitudes toward their bodies than women do — but that's changing. Other research shows men are becoming increasingly aware of their body image and are more concerned about it. About time too!

● There is now research which shows cigarettes apparently have a contraceptive function. An epidemiological study published in *The Journal Of The American Medical Association* showed that smokers were 3.4 times more likely to take more than a year to conceive than non-smokers. Heavy smokers experienced lower fertility rates than light smokers. Fertility is not affected by the husband's smoking habits.

● With the AIDS scare, more attention is now being focused on married homosexuals. The latest study on married homosexuals, conducted by Norman L. Wyers, from Portland State University in Oregon, consisted of interviews with 66 homosexuals about their reasons for marriage. Lesbians gave the following reasons for marrying: the expectation that they would marry — 38.2



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A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO **ONE-NIGHT STANDS.**

percent, love of spouse — 23.5 percent, pregnancy — 17.6 percent. In contrast, males cited love of spouse as the most important reason — 34.4 percent, expectation of marriage — 28.1 percent and pregnancy — 18.8 percent. The male homosexuals also reported more marital satisfaction than the married lesbians but the males were less likely to tell their children about their sexual orientation. More than 94 percent of the children of lesbian mothers knew about their sexual orientation as compared to only 46.9 percent of children of gay fathers.

RIDING HIGH — TOO HIGH

The 55-year-old doctor already cycled once a day for exercise but now he added some indoor cycling on an exercise bike to his outside dose. And then it started — he noticed he had trouble getting an erection, and keeping it. The problem began gradually but built up to the point where, in little over a year, he no longer had erections at all.

He had noticed every two weeks or so that his penis felt rather numb when he was cycling. When he stopped, the numbness disappeared. Finally he lowered the bicycle seat, which eliminated the numbness but the erections stayed away.

He sought advice from a colleague, a professor of neurology, who wrote about his problem in a recent issue of *Post-Graduate Medicine*. The professor believes the bicycle seat was the culprit. "The nose of the bicycle seat," he explains, "temporarily squeezed off the blood supply to the penis." That is rather like the way you cut off the circulation when you sleep on your arm, or with one leg crushed under the other. It feels strange for a while, and then recovers. But the penis doesn't seem to have been quite so resilient in this instance.

Apparently the numbness is quite common among cyclists. Journals of sports medicine have reported cyclists experiencing numbness of the penis, scrotum and perineum (the area between the scrotum and anus). About 10 to 50 percent of the men on long-distance bike rides have these symptoms.

Since lowering the bicycle seat didn't help the erection problem, the professor concluded there may have been some long-standing injury to the pelvic nerves and recommended that the doctor should give up cycling altogether. It worked. Full erections appeared again within a month and there have been no further erection problems since that time — now over a year. The professor concluded that compression of the nerves and blood vessels in the perineum were the cause of the problem and warns that it's possible female cyclists could develop sexual difficulties due to similar compression of the perineum.

Special bicycle seats have been designed to help avoid the numbness problem but apparently cyclists complain they tend to slide off because these seats don't offer the same support. For men and women who believe their sexual lives may be affected by cycling it may be best to take up another sport. I would be interested in hearing from readers about their cycling experiences.

SEXUAL BENEFITS

Men have been telling women for years that sex is good for them — and now there's proof. Researchers at the Monell Chemical Senses Centre at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine have found that women who have sex with men at least once a week are more likely to have normal menstrual cycles, fewer infertility problems and a milder menopause than celibate women and women who have sex rarely or sporadically. Winnifred Cutler, a biologist and specialist in behavioral endocrinology, conducted the research along with organic chemist George Petri. She reaches a very welcome conclusion: "What we're saying here is that men are really important for women. If you look at all the data, the conclusion is compelling. A man or his essence seems essential for an optimally fertile female reproductive system."

A "soup" of aromatic essences was taken from underarm pads worn by volunteers for 18 to 27 hours a week over a three-month period. Male essence extracted from the soup, mixed with alcohol, was applied to the upper lips of six women with abnormal menstrual cycles and no current sexual relationship. The women's cycles became more regular. Another group of women with irregular cycles who were daubed with only pure alcohol showed no change in their cycles. Cutler's earlier work on the effects of intercourse on female sexual health shows the physical presence of a male appears to be necessary but intercourse may not be. Masturbation seems to have no effect at all.

Cutler and her colleagues found regular sex eased the problems of menopause and infertility by making menstrual cycles more regular. It's all good news for men, but the future may not be so rosy. Having discovered the importance of male essence for women, the scientists are now working on a way of bottling the essence, thus making the actual presence of a male expendable. The Monell Centre has filed applications for four pheromone patents and the Japanese have purchased rights for research and marketing of a pheromone-based product. The 200-odd chemical components of male and female odors have not been sorted out and an effective commercial scent is unlikely to be available for three to five years. So make the most of it, men! Women need you — for now.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- *Australian Playboy*, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

Which of the French masters has most influenced Pro Hart?

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